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Wood engraving by John Farleigh

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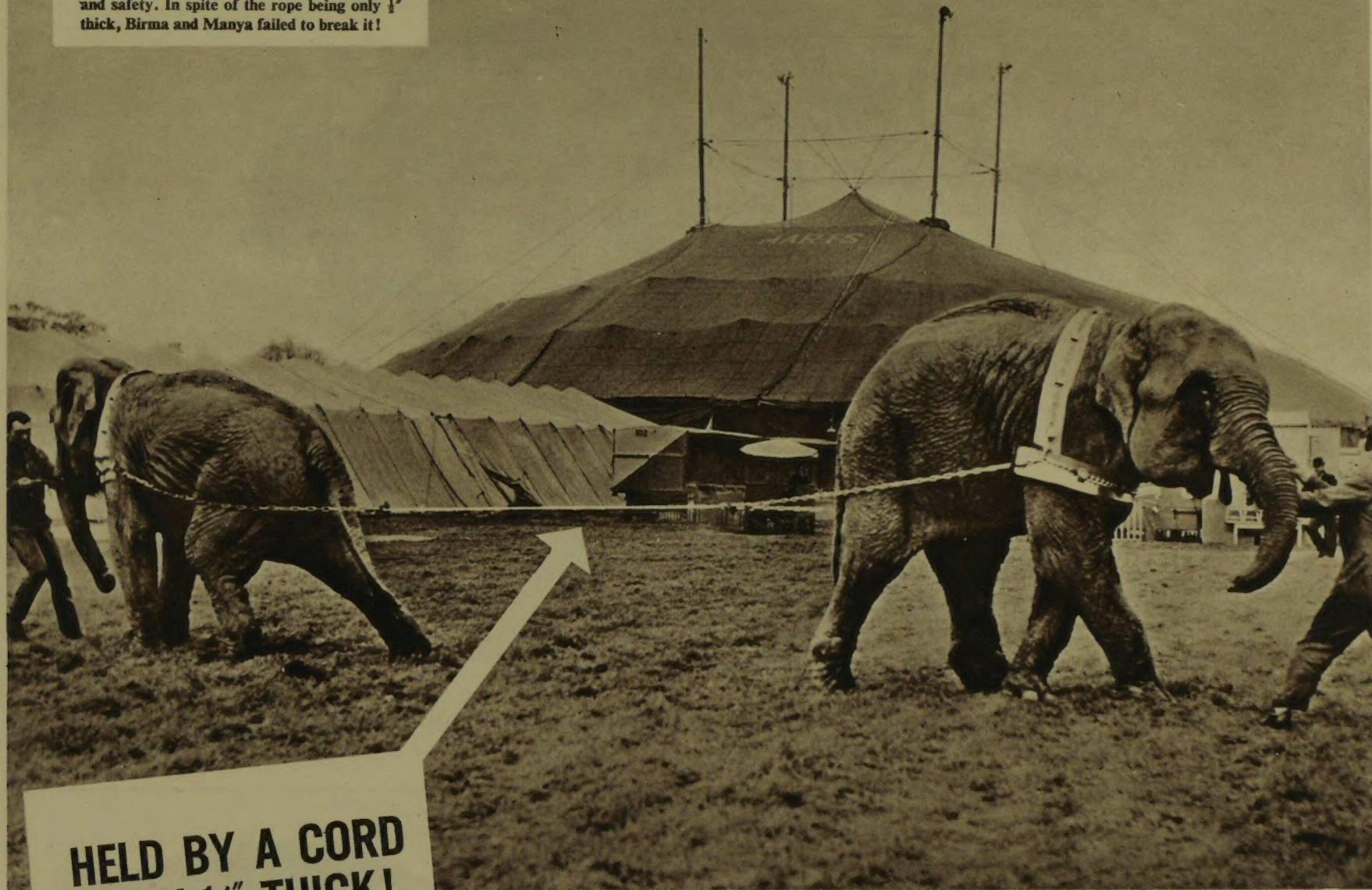
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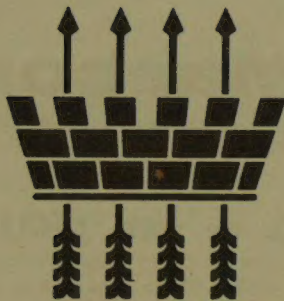


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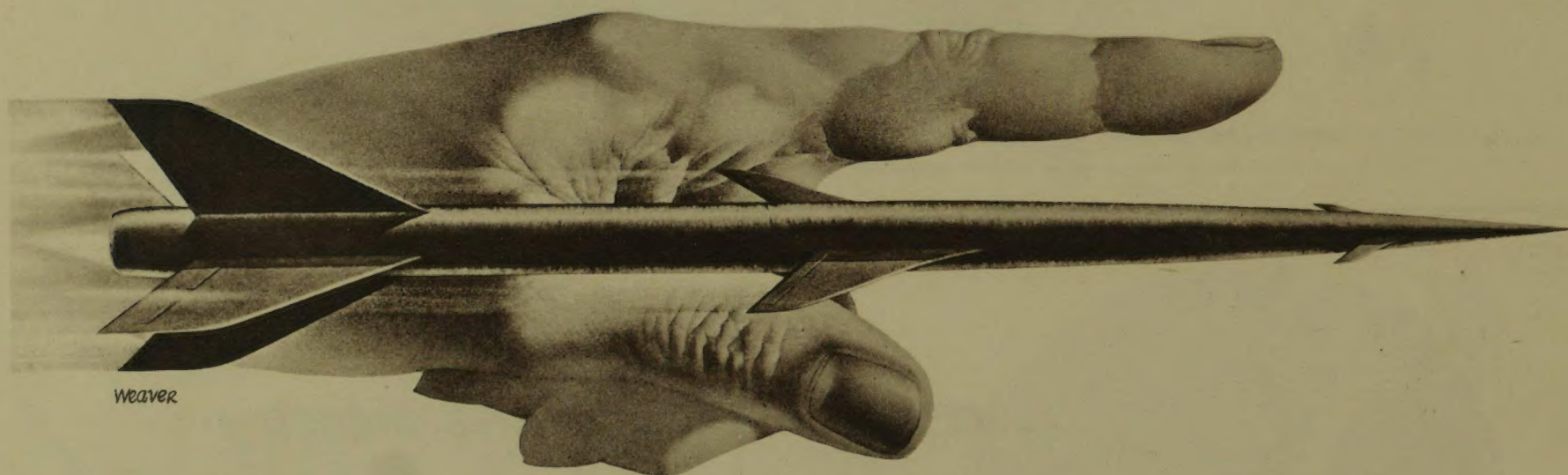


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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1957.



THE TRAIL OF A TORNADO WHICH KILLED TEN, INCLUDING SIX CHILDREN ALL OF ONE FAMILY : AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE WRECKED AREA OF FARGO IN NORTH DAKOTA.

On the evening of June 20, a violent tornado, described from radar screen recordings as a cloud mass reaching 60,000 ft. with a diameter of 50 miles, struck the town of Fargo in North Dakota, U.S.A., and left almost a square mile of a residential area in ruins, the damage being estimated at between £2,500,000 and £3,500,000. Ten persons were killed and of these ten seven

were children, six of these seven being the children of one family, called Munson, ranging in age from twelve to two. Some 85 to 100 people were injured and about 2000 were rendered homeless. Among the buildings destroyed were four churches and a high school. A drawing showing the causes of tornadoes; and photographs of the Italian tornado appear on other pages.

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By ARTHUR BRYANT.

FOR a long time past, Great Britain has been largely ruled—and populated—by people who have fallen into the easy-going habit of saying and believing that very difficult things are impossible. That is why we have been regarded by many, despite our verbal protestations to the contrary, as a people whose days of greatness are over and who are now on the decline. In 1940, to the astonishment of mankind, this widespread idea was proved to be a lie when, in the hour of apparently irretrievable and not altogether unmerited disaster, a man was called to the leadership of Britain who not only believed that very difficult and seemingly impossible things were possible of achievement, but inspired the whole nation to devote its energies, regardless of personal consequences, to doing them. That man was Winston Churchill and, so long as our history is recorded, that fact and his name will be recorded and remembered, too. When, in that historic, naked summer, he bade his countrymen so to brace themselves to their duties that if the British Empire and its Commonwealth should last for a thousand years, men would say of Britain that this was her finest hour, that is what he meant.

Nor was he alone; nor, indeed, could he have saved Britain had he been. After the Luftwaffe had battered down Poland, Norway, Holland, Belgium and France, it was Britain's turn. The German fighter aircraft and pilots, outnumbering Britain's by three to one, had only to win clear skies for their day-bombers to do their uninterrupted worst, and the British capital and England's industrial cities would have lain at their mercy. What sort of mercy that would have been we know from the fate of Rotterdam—where 30,000 perished in half an hour—and Warsaw. It was then that a thousand young Britons, who had mastered the difficult and arduous tasks of flying and fighting modern fighter-aircraft, assumed during two fateful months the burden of saving their country and the freedom of mankind. One of these pilots—one of the very finest—was a man who had lost both his legs in a flying accident before the war, and who, in the teeth of his terrible disabilities and apparently completely insurmountable difficulties, had re-won for himself the capacity and the right to fly in the first line of the Service to which he had dedicated his life. His name—Group Captain Bader—is now a household word throughout the British Commonwealth and, indeed, the whole world. If ever a man earned the reputation of being a byword for overcoming difficulties it is he.

When, therefore, he speaks of Britain's difficulties and the way he believes they could and should be overcome, he is entitled to be heard. A few weeks ago he gave an interview to the representative of the *News Chronicle* on the subject of emigration from this overcrowded and harassed island to the great sister nations which its more adventurous sons and daughters founded in earlier centuries beyond the oceans. "When we've got the space for people to go to," he said, "I don't believe in having about fifty million of them overspilling in a tight overcrowded little island. That's the test of whether a nation's standing on its feet—whether it can feed itself. In the Elizabethan age, in the great days of the past that everyone talks about now, we only had about four million people here. What are we building satellite towns in England for? Why not in Australia where there is space." * And, on the face of it, I cannot for the life of me see why this country's Government and Australia's—both of which have a strong mutual interest, as well as sentiment, in ensuring the other's strength and helping to solve the other's difficulties—should not co-operate to do this obvious, if difficult thing. The United Kingdom, particularly England, is grossly overcrowded and to-day we are constantly commandeering and despoiling our inadequate agricultural and amenity land in order to give the herded population of our cities a little more breathing space. Australia, on the other hand, has an absurdly small population in relation to its size and a few years ago stood in deadly peril, and potentially still does, because of the paucity of its population. Why, Bader asked, should our kinsfolk in Australia ship wool from that country to be made into cloth in Bradford and then ship part of that cloth back to Australia, when Bradford—or its counterpart—could be shipped to Australia to make all the cloth from Australian wool that Australians need

and so provide work for more emigrants from overcrowded Britain? Or why shouldn't half our aircraft industry, dangerously concentrated here, be transferred to the greater Britain at the Antipodes. Instead of being situated in one of the worst test-flying climates in the world and in one of the smallest and most congested test-flying areas, they would there be in one of the finest, in a land of clear skies, where one can fly 2000 miles across country instead of a mere 100 or 200.

As for bringing up children, how much greater the chances of health, prosperity and freedom an Australian child enjoys compared with one brought up in smoky, cloudy England. "Third in the Olympic Games, dominating the world at tennis, with a population of only nine-and-a-half millions," Australia owes her physical ascendancy not just to chance but to its climate and the environment that that vast land of sky and horizons and sun-washed plains and beaches offers its people. As for the argument that if our young people emigrated in large numbers only the old would be left to carry our economic burdens, Bader replied, "Let a whole business go to Australia. All the people in it, with their wives and children and cousins and grandmothers—the whole lot. . . . Plan the whole thing. Build houses ready for them. It's the only way to do it. The big way, not the small way."

That there were difficulties, vast difficulties, in the way Bader admitted—

HUNGARIAN PATRIOTS CONDEMNED TO DEATH.



CONDEMNED TO DEATH BY THE HUNGARIAN SUPREME COURT ON JUNE 20 FOR THEIR PART IN THE HUNGARIAN UPRISING: THE SIX HUNGARIAN PATRIOTS. WITH THEM ARE TWO GUARDS.

On June 20, in Budapest, the Hungarian Supreme Court confirmed death sentences on three Hungarians convicted of counter-revolutionary crimes and condemned to death three more who had previously been sentenced to terms of imprisonment. Prison sentences on five other Hungarians were increased. The convictions were the result of an appeal against sentences passed by a lower court in April. On June 19 the United Nations special committee set up to investigate the Hungarian uprising presented its report to the General Assembly; the report is described as a "damning indictment of Russia and of the Communist policies and methods in general." The death sentence was passed on: Ilona Toth, a woman medical student, Ferenc Gönczi, Miklos Gyöngyösi, Gyula Obersovsky, Jozsef Gali and Ferenc Kovacs.

stands, we stand.' That's loyalty. That's the thing you can't replace. That's what we've got to build on in the Empire. That's our heritage."

All that the Group Captain urges could only be achieved, it will be said, by overcoming immense complexities and obstacles. That is undeniable. But is it, I ask, attended by any greater difficulties and obstacles than those which confronted Group Captain Bader when, after the loss of both his legs, he made up his mind to fly again and established himself as one of the first fighter-pilots in the world? Is it, for that matter, attended by any greater difficulties than those that confronted the pioneers who went out in past centuries to make new Englands and new Britains in the transatlantic wilderness, in Virginia and the Carolinas, in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and the Rhodesias? It can all be achieved, if we as a people, and those who lead us, are convinced that it is necessary and desirable. I, for one, am convinced and have long been convinced that it is. On grounds of health, of social freedom and of economic survival alike, the population of this country is far too dense, while that of the great English-Speaking Commonwealth Countries is too small. Above all, on grounds alike of survival and of the defence of those moral principles for which we have tried throughout our history to stand, we ought to seek to redress the concentration of the bulk of the British peoples in this atomically vulnerable island and the perilous vacuum existing in the underdeveloped and underpopulated British lands beyond the seas. In the past hundred years we have wasted so many chances of developing our hard-won oceanic heritage. We have still the chance to do so, but it is probably our last. If we do not take it soon, it will be too late.

* *News Chronicle*, May 15, 1957. Alan Wood; A Talk With Douglas Bader; "Why Not Mass Emigration?"

ROYAL AND SPORTING OCCASIONS; AND SIR WINSTON'S HERD SOLD.



QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER, AT THE ROYAL HIGHLAND SHOW IN DUNDEE, EXAMINING A LAYOUT OF TREE SEEDLINGS IN THE FORESTRY COMMISSION'S EXHIBIT. On June 19 the Queen Mother flew from London to Dundee to pay a five-hour visit to the Royal Highland Show which was being held there for the first time since 1949. She stayed later than she had planned in order to see the parade of cattle champions.



SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL'S DAUGHTER AND SON-IN-LAW, CAPTAIN AND MRS. CHRISTOPHER SOAMES, AT THE SALE OF SIR WINSTON'S HERD. On June 18 Sir Winston Churchill's famous Chartwell herd of attested Jersey cattle was sold by auction. Forty-seven cows, heifers and calves were paraded and the herd fetched £3750, the highest price, 300 guineas, being paid for a six-year-old cow.

(Right.) THREE CHEERS FOR THE QUEEN!—LED BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, WHEN HER MAJESTY PRESENTED THE CUP FOR THE RETURN MATCH BETWEEN WINDSOR PARK, FOR WHOM THE DUKE WAS PLAYING, AND INDIA.

At Smith's Lawn on June 22, after the Argentine team Media Luna had beaten Friar Park in the final of the Royal Windsor Cup, Windsor Park, for whom the Duke of Edinburgh was playing, played a return match with India and won by 3-2 after about a minute of an extra chukker. The Duke, at back, is reported to have played one of the best games of his career.



FIRING A FLINT-LOCK—ONE OF A VARIETY OF ANCIENT MUZZLE-LOADERS FIRED AT THE MUZZLE-LOADERS' ASSOCIATION MEETING AT BISLEY.

At Bisley on June 16 the Muzzle-loaders' Association of Great Britain held its annual championship meeting and for the first time in its history included a women's competition, which was won by Miss Jacqueline Kell, firing an 0.451 deer rifle of 1850. The Donegal



DRAWING A BEAD IN THE MANNER OF "THE DEERSLAYER": COMPETITORS FIRING CAP-AND-BALL (BLACK POWDER) AT THE MUZZLE-LOADERS' MEETING AT BISLEY.

Badge for what was, in effect, the meeting's champion shot was won by Mr. John Bell using an 0.451 Robertson target rifle of 1858. A wide variety of interesting firearms was used during the meeting, which was held on the Running Deer Range.

A RIGHT ROYAL ASCOT: VIEWS OF THE WHICH THE QUEEN WON TWO

BRILLIANT FOUR-DAY MEETING DURING RACES, AND THE SUN SHONE.



ON THE OPENING DAY: THE QUEEN, WEARING A BLUE DRESS AND HAT, ARRIVING ON THE COURSE WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.



THE FINISH OF THE ASCOT GOLD CUP: MR. T. J. S. GRAY'S ZARATHUSTRA (LEFT), RIDDEN BY L. PIGGOTT, WHICH WON FROM THE FRENCH CAMBRER.



THE QUEEN'S SECOND VICTORY AT ROYAL ASCOT: HER MAJESTY'S PALL MALL, RIDDEN BY W. H. CARR, WINNING THE NEW STAKES ON THE THIRD DAY OF THE MEETING.



IN HOT SUNSHINE ON THE FINAL DAY: THE QUEEN, ACCOMPANIED BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, DRIVING ON TO THE COURSE.



ON THE SECOND DAY OF THE MEETING: THE QUEEN, WEARING A LIME AND YELLOW FLORAL SILK DRESS AND COAT.



AS HER MAJESTY'S FILLY ALMERIA WON THE RIBBLESDALE STAKES: THE SCENE IN THE ROYAL BOX AS THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARGARET (LEFT CENTRE) LOOKED ON.



ANOTHER ROYAL WIN: THE SCENE IN THE ROYAL BOX AS THE QUEEN, WITH MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY, SAW HER HORSE PALL MALL WINNING THE NEW STAKES.



PATting ALMERIA AFTER THE RIBBLESDALE STAKES: HER MAJESTY (BACK TO CAMERA) AND PRINCESS MARGARET.



DRIVING ON TO THE COURSE IN AN OPEN LANDAU ON THE THIRD DAY OF THE MEETING: THE QUEEN, WEARING A SMOKE-BLUE SILK COAT TRIMMED WITH FUR AND A SMALL FEATHER HAT TO MATCH, WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.



AFTER WINNING THE NEW STAKES ON THE QUEEN'S PALL MALL, SMILES BY THE DELIGHTED MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL PARTY.



MALL: JOCKEY W. H. CARR (LEFT) IS GREETED WITH MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL PARTY.



IN AN OPEN LANDAU: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, WHO WERE IN RESIDENCE AT WINDSOR CASTLE DURING ASCOT WEEK, DRIVING ON TO THE COURSE ON THE SECOND DAY OF THE MEETING WHICH WAS WARM AND SUNNY.

Blue skies and warm sunshine greeted the opening of the Royal Ascot meeting on June 18. Later a sharp thunderstorm turned the skies to grey, but for the most part the opening day and those that followed were glorious and provided a fitting background for the displays of fashion which have long been a feature of the meeting. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, with Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret and other

members of the Royal Family, attended the four-day meeting. In accordance with tradition, the Queen and the Royal party drove down the course each day in open landaus. On the opening day the Queen wore a blue lace dress and matching hat edged with small leaves, while the Queen Mother, who was in the second carriage with Princess Margaret, chose a white lace dress with a hat in two shades of blue osprey feathers. The Ascot Stakes, the

principal race of the day, was won by Mr. J. E. Wood's *Bonhomie*, ridden by M. Hayes. On the second day of the meeting there were loud and prolonged cheers when the Queen's filly *Almeria* had a runaway victory in the Ribblesdale Stakes. The Queen, who was wearing a lime-green and yellow floral silk dress and coat to match, walked to the unsaddling enclosure to the applause of the huge crowd. The Royal Hunt Cup was won by Lady

Zia Werhner's *Retrial*. On June 20 Mr. T. J. S. Gray's *Zarathustra* won the Gold Cup; the Queen's *Atlas* failing to get a place. Earlier her Majesty's horse *Palf Mall* won the New Stakes. Royal Ascot finished on June 21, as it had started, in a blaze of heat, and with the going very hard. On Saturday, at the Ascot Heath meeting, the Queen's position as leading owner was consolidated when *Fluke White* and *Micheline* each won a race.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. ARE DISARMAMENT PROSPECTS BRIGHTER?

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

AS is the case with many international negotiations nowadays, the question of disarmament is half in shade, half in clear light. It is not conducted altogether in secrecy and the public can divine the gist of the proceedings; but it is not easy to discover what stage has been reached. What does seem plain enough is that the field of agreement has broadened. The general impression is that the outlook is rather more hopeful. The man in the street has fixed his attention on the tests of nuclear weapons, a very important feature no doubt, but only one of a complex matter. He may be forgiven if he finds it hard to follow any other issue, though he hears talk about Mr. Stassen having rushed his fences and having been rebuked for it.

President Eisenhower denies that there has been any rebuke. He has, however, very honestly admitted that some impression of Mr. Stassen's having left his partners in the dark might have been created, and has added that since Mr. Stassen was recalled for consultations, such a belief was unlikely to recur. Mr. Stassen is a man of ability, ambitious—no crime in itself—and eager to make progress, even if by following an unconventional line. There is not the slightest doubt that British and French official opinion found that he had been rather too unconventional at the expense of the allies of the United States, and these two are very deeply involved because Britain is a "nuclear power" and France may be one.

On June 19, the day on which the President made the comments mentioned, the very able commander of the British "task force," Air Vice-Marshal W. E. Oulton, reported the explosion of a nuclear device, dropped at a high altitude from a *Valiant*, of which the captain was Squadron Leader A. G. Steele. This was the third and last of the series, the other two explosions having taken place in May. I say "last of the series," but we have not been told whether or not any other series is contemplated. However, the moment when a test series which, by definition, was complete in itself, has been brought to an end is at all events the most favourable possible, if cessation or provisional suspension of nuclear tests has become practical international politics.

The situation now is that Russia has proposed a suspension of tests for a period of two or three years, coupled with the establishment of control posts. This is in itself a considerable advance. Our response has been that suspension of tests ought to be accompanied by a limitation in production; otherwise, to give a single disadvantage, France would be handicapped because she has reached a stage in experiment when tests will before long become necessary for further progress. Some speculation has been aroused over the question whether the West would be prepared to accept suspension without conditions. On June 19, President Eisenhower stated that he would not. Yet the speculators have not been silenced. Some have asked aloud whether, before the sub-committee now meeting reports to the Disarmament Commission at the end of next month, there might be agreement on suspension for a short time, say a year, without limitation of production having to start at once.

Mr. Macmillan made a fine contribution to the subject, not only of disarmament but of

international relations as a whole, in the letter which he addressed to the Soviet Government. Unfortunately it was very long—it had to be, since there were so many points at issue—and readers of the larger part of the Press have become used to having their journalistic nourishment chopped up small to be eaten with spoon and pusher. Some of the principal points of the letter may be repeated.

The Prime Minister pointed out that this country was leading the way in the reduction of forces. He went on, however, to say that

disarmament included the full-scale reductions which were originally suggested for the final stage of a complete plan. The United Kingdom, he said, could not thus strip herself unless there were a prior political settlement. Reductions on such a scale required an easing of the tension which had obliged us to set up our defence system.

It was a brave statement because open to misrepresentation and yet logical. At home some people who agreed to the setting up of N.A.T.O. now say, in effect, that, such is the importance of disarmament, we ought to strip ourselves to the bone and weaken N.A.T.O. without any firm assurance that the conditions which led to our rearmament and the establishment of N.A.T.O. have disappeared. This is folly.

Other points were that the Soviet proposals contained no effective plan for the control of nuclear disarmament, and that, though Mr.

Bulgarian had said that nothing in his letter about the danger which nuclear weapons presented to Britain was to be regarded as a threat, he, Mr. Macmillan, must make it clear that we could not be separated from our partners. (The Prime Ministers of the two small Scandinavian members of N.A.T.O. had earlier written in somewhat similar vein in reply to letters from the Soviet Government which certainly had a threatening air.) Mr. Macmillan voiced his hope that the Soviet Government would contribute to the easing of tension in the Middle East. He spoke of the bad effect of the repression of the Hungarian rising. He said that the British Government favoured expansion of Anglo-Soviet trade. He rejected a security treaty based on continued division of Germany.

To return to the sub-committee's discussion of disarmament, it does seem possible that Russia is now approaching the subject in a rather more practical and less purely propagandist mood than ever before. There are many snags, some of them inter-linked. For us the main problems appear to be how to go forward without undue risk to our own safety and that of our allies; how to obtain a genuine control system—the key from the procedural point of view—and the future of Germany. The first can be solved only by gradual and graduated disarmament. The second is perhaps a degree less difficult, and progress here now seems better than elsewhere. I have no space to discuss Germany, but I have pointed out on several occasions the dilemma which she presents.

We have now entered what may be called a "letter-writing" phase.

It was begun by the Soviet Government, and though it may lend itself to propaganda there is nothing objectionable in it in principle. Every party wants to provide what it considers vital safeguards, and it would be unreasonable to suggest that Soviet Russia is less anxious than others to avoid the danger in which all stand. There should be no disappointment—though there will be some, and probably recriminations also—if only small and partial results emerge from all this. I have said above that this is the safest path. At least the work of the sub-committee does not leave quite the impression of going round in a circle to which we had become so drearily and tragically accustomed.



CELEBRATING ITS JUBILEE: HAMPSTEAD GARDEN SUBURB—A NORTH LONDON LANDMARK IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF TOWN PLANNING INSPIRED FIFTY YEARS AGO BY DAME HENRIETTA BARNETT.

Hampstead Garden Suburb is celebrating its jubilee with a week of festivities which are to be opened to-day (June 29) by the Lord Mayor of London, and the highlight of which will be the visit of Princess Margaret on July 2. This aerial photograph shows the central section of the Suburb lying between Finchley Road (running across the foreground), Lyttleton Road (top left-hand corner) and Hampstead Heath Extension (top right). On the right of the Big Wood lies Central Square, with the three principal buildings—the Institute, St. Jude's Church (with the spire), and the Free Church—designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens. The Suburb as a whole was planned by Barry Parker and Sir Raymond Unwin, and—while many other architects have made their contribution—it is their interpretation of Dame Henrietta Barnett's inspiring proposals that has made Hampstead Garden Suburb, with its wonderful combination of dwellings, trees and gardens, such an important milestone in the development of English town-planning.

Reproduced by courtesy of Copartnership Tenants, Ltd.

unilateral reductions were not enough; what was wanted was a series of international agreements on both conventional and nuclear disarmament, verified by a system of control trusted on all sides. If, as the Soviet Government suggested, the establishment of control was a simple matter, the Soviet Government might well agree at least to register tests in advance and permit observers to be present. It was now known that Russia had made five unannounced tests in the first half of April. At the same time, neither registration nor temporary suspensions could be considered as ends in themselves, but only as possible means to an end.

He dealt frankly with one dominating problem. Russia's latest proposals for "partial"

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



THE BOSPORUS. ON HER WAY TO MANŒUVRES IN THE AEGEAN, ACCORDING TO A RUSSIAN SOURCE: THE SOVIET CRUISER MIHAIL KUTUSOV PASSING THROUGH THE BOSPORUS ON JUNE 20.



THE SUEZ CANAL. ONE OF THE TWO SOVIET DESTROYERS WHICH RECENTLY PASSED THROUGH THE CANAL TO THE RED SEA.

Russian naval movements have recently received some prominence in the Press. On June 23 two Soviet destroyers entered the Suez Canal. They were heading south, and were the first Russian warships to use the Canal since its reopening in April. Two Russian submarines have sailed, via the English Channel, to Egypt, and a Russian cruiser, escorted by two destroyers, passed through the Bosphorus on June 20.



EGYPT. IN THE NEW HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT AT CAIRO: AN EAGLE, A SYMBOL OF THE REPUBLIC OF EGYPT, THE CRESCENT AND STARS, AND AN OPEN BOOK. IN THE MURAL IN THE BACKGROUND THERE IS AN ODD CONTRAST BETWEEN MODERN SUBJECTS AND THE ARTISTIC STYLE OF ANCIENT EGYPT.



WEST GERMANY. A NEW BRIDGE OVER THE RHINE AT DUESSELDORF: ONE OF THE SUPPORTING TOWERS AND TEMPORARY MEMBERS HOLDING UP A SECTION OF THE UNFINISHED STRUCTURE.



ITALY. TAKING BABY WITH THEM: A CARRIAGE FOR A CHILD WHICH CAN BE ATTACHED BEHIND A MOTOR SCOOTER—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN RECENTLY IN ITALY.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



ITALY. AT THE HEIGHT OF THE PO DELTA FLOODS: SWIRLING WATER GUSHING THROUGH A BROKEN DYKE AFTER THE RIVER PO HAD BURST ITS BANKS NEAR CA VENDRAMIN.

Having threatened to do so for a number of days the River Po burst its banks at a point about 20 miles from the sea on June 20, after disastrous storms and floods in Piedmont, 250 miles farther up river. In the Po Delta the so-called island of Ariano was largely submerged and thousands of families were evacuated. The flooded zone extended to about 20,000 acres and the wheat crop was destroyed.



ITALY. ON THEIR WAY TO FETCH FRESH WATER: A FAMILY, MAROONED BY THE FLOODS IN THE PO DELTA, USING AN IMPROVISED RAFT.



NORTH DAKOTA, U.S.A. THE THREE SURVIVORS OF A FAMILY OF NINE: MR. AND MRS. GERALD MUNSON, OF FARGO, WITH THEIR ELDEST SON.

As reported on our front page, a particularly savage tornado struck Fargo on June 20, killing ten people, the chief sufferers being the Munson family. Both the mother and father were away from the house at the time. Of their seven children, five were killed instantly, one died of injuries, and one, the eldest son, survived.



NORTH DAKOTA, U.S.A. CHILDREN RUNNING FROM THE SAVAGE TORNADO WHICH STRUCK FARGO ON JUNE 20 AND KILLED TEN PERSONS IN ALL, SEVEN OF THEM CHILDREN.



FRANCE. A RAILWAY DISASTER NEAR ARRAS: THE SCENE AFTER THE DERAILMENT OF THE TOURCOING TO PARIS EXPRESS WITH THE LOSS OF EIGHT LIVES.

Eight people were killed and twenty-five injured when the last three carriages of the Tourcoing to Paris Express were derailed on June 18 at Boisleux, near Arras. The train was travelling at 50 m.p.h. when the crash occurred while it was crossing over points.



EGYPT. ACQUITTED BY THE CAIRO ASSIZE COURT ON JUNE 22: TWO OF THE BRITISH ACCUSED, MR. CHARLES PITTUCK (LEFT) AND MR. JOHN THORNTON STANLEY.

Two of the four British defendants, Mr. Charles Pittuck and Mr. J. T. Stanley, were acquitted when the Cairo Assize Court announced its verdicts in the spy trial on June 22. The two other British defendants present at the trial, Mr. James Swinburn and Mr. James Zarb (Maltese), were sentenced to five and ten years' imprisonment respectively.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



(Left.)
FRANCE. AT A CEREMONY TO MARK THE START OF THE RECONSTRUCTION OF ST. CYR: OFFICER CADETS MARCHING THROUGH THE RUINS.

After a long period of controversy the Ecole Spéciale Militaire de St. Cyr is now to be rebuilt on its original site near Versailles. This famous French officer cadet school was destroyed during the war.

(Right.)
THE NETHERLANDS. AFTER BEING FLOWN FROM THE UNITED STATES FOR INCLUSION IN THE INTERNATIONAL DIAMOND EXHIBITION AT AMSTERDAM: THE FAMOUS HOPE DIAMOND BEING CAREFULLY EXAMINED BY AN AIR STEWARDESS. IN THE CASE THERE IS A MAGNIFICENT SAPPHIRE.



ALGERIA. AFTER THE BATTLE BETWEEN FRENCH TROOPS AND REBELS AT CHERIA ON JUNE 15: A FRENCH SOLDIER GUARDING FIVE REBEL PRISONERS.

The French claim to have counted 205 rebel corpses and to have taken seven prisoners in one of the heaviest battles of the Algerian war, which took place at Cheria, south-west of Tebessa, on June 15. The rebels had just crossed the frontier from Tunisia.



ALGERIA. CAPTURED BY FRENCH TROOPS DURING THE BATTLE AT CHERIA: SOME OF THE REBEL WEAPONS STACKED FOR INSPECTION AFTER THE BATTLE.



WEST GERMANY. NUREMBERG'S REBUILT CHRISTUSKIRCHE: A SCENE DURING THE FIRST SERVICE TO BE HELD IN THIS ULTRA-MODERN CHURCH WHICH WAS CONSECRATED ON JUNE 16. THE LARGE FIGURE OF CHRIST ABOVE THE ALTAR IS MADE OF BRASS.



KENYA. IN THE ABERDARE NATIONAL PARK: THE NEW "TREETOPS" HOTEL WHICH REPLACES THE ONE BURNT DOWN BY MAU MAU TERRORISTS THREE YEARS AGO. "Treetops" Hotel, near Nyeri, in the Aberdare National Park of Kenya, where the Queen was staying in 1952 when she heard of her father's death, has been rebuilt in another group of trees near by. It has two storeys, and once again offers visitors the chance of witnessing the nightly cavalcade of Africa's wild animals as they drink at the Nyeri water-hole.

THE MEXICO OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.

"THE CONQUISTADORS" By JEAN DESCOLA* and "TO THE CITY OF THE DEAD" By GEORGE WOODCOCK.†

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THE two books here reviewed have little in common except that each of them must interest persons who like reading about Mexico.

The nature of M. Descola's imposing volume is precisely indicated by its title. It is intended to be the first volume of a complete history of Spanish America. Such an enterprise on such a scale was to be expected some time, as the part of the World with which it deals is continually developing in importance, although still unhappily prone to those sudden revolutions which have been almost chronic since the revolt against the Mother Country. But there was little reason to hope that when it did come it would come from so brilliant and imaginative a historian as M. Descola—who ought to leap into the Académie Française on the strength of it.

I have trudged (or been pleasantly carried) through I don't know how many histories of Columbus, Cortés and Pizarro since first a new world was unveiled to me, as a boy, by the classic volumes of that heroic American scholar, Prescott. A few of them, notably the books of Don Salvador de Madariaga, being outstandingly good. But, familiar though I have long been with the main outlines of the stories, I have recovered my early excitement to the full in reading M. Descola's book. It covers less than a hundred years; so I can hardly even conjecture to how many volumes his work will ultimately run. He will probably really get loose when he comes to Bolívar and the other great characters of the early nineteenth century, and so greedily curious, expansive and enthusiastic a man might well be tempted to devote a volume, or the large part of one, to the noble exploits of the Jesuits in Paraguay, who were romantics like the Conquistadors, but in a gentler and more generous way. It won't matter. No one to whom this first volume appeals will mind how many successors it has. M. Descola appears to be a man who couldn't be boring if he tried; which phrase leads me to reflect that if a

hypocrite is a creature of the seventeenth century." It was indeed a very simple form of Christianity which led Balboa to throw Indian prisoners to his dogs, just as the Cæsars threw earlier Christians than Balboa to their lions.

Not that the Spaniards hadn't an explanation, if not an excuse, for their murders and massacres. Believing in the Devil's existence how could they not suppose that Mexico was the Kingdom of the Devil? The publisher's "blurb" about this book refers to the "great civilisation" of Mexico "with a clearly-defined culture and a highly-organised political-religious-military system." But what a "culture," and what a "civilisation"! The Aztecs were as good as the Egyptians (the

The passing of the Aztecs no man can regret—though it is sad that, in our own day, the great lake on which their Venice-like capital was built, has been drained. The Incas are another matter. They, too, were tremendous builders, and left, near Lake Titicaca, what some believe to be the oldest city in the world. But they were not blood-thirsty and their empire was a peaceful and progressive one: tribes conquered by war or diplomacy lived tranquilly under their rule. They had nothing in common with the Aztecs: odd though it may seem, the two peoples, with only the Isthmus between them, seem to have been utterly unaware of each other's existence. Rumours of their wealth in gold reached the Spaniards and it was a private syndicate of three who embarked on the conquest of Peru. In his last will and testament, made by one of Peru's first Conquistadors, the statement is made, in *articulo mortis*: "The Incas governed their subjects in such a fashion that among them there was neither a thief, nor a depraved man, nor an adulterous woman. . . . The mountains and the mines, the pastures, the game, the wood and all kinds of resources were controlled and shared so that each knew and possessed his own, without anyone else being able to take it. . . . Matters of war, although numerous, did not hinder those of commerce. . . . Order and harmony reigned in everything. . . . By our bad example we have destroyed this well-governed people."

Well, the past is over and we cannot alter it; Lima, friends tell me, is to-day a very pleasant place with strong recollections of Spain—for the Spaniards, though not very clever with their remote-control, have left conspicuous traces, both architectural and otherwise, of their civilisation wherever their feet have trodden. As in Peru so in Mexico. Mr. Woodcock's book gives us a lively picture of Mexico to-day. He and his wife travelled from Western Canada to Mitla, in Southern Mexico, largely by bus. The spectral title of his book is rather misleading: "The Recovering Country" would be more applicable. There is plenty of Aztec and Spanish background (he talks, I may say, a great deal about architecture and landscape, but his photographs are mainly of people weaving or making pots, which might



MAYAS BRING GIFTS TO CORTES. AT HIS HORSE'S HEAD, MARINA, THE CONQUEROR'S AZTEC MISTRESS. (A CONTEMPORARY INDIAN DRAWING.)

Reproduced from the book "The Conquistadors," by courtesy of the publishers, George Allen and Unwin Ltd.

Incas were even better) at the erection of gigantic monuments in stone, and could have vied with the Russian Ballet in bedazzling people with enthroned kings, marchers and dancers panoplied in feathers, gold, silver and emerald breastplates, but when one thinks of their mental condition one feels as though he were looking into the Pit. "How," says M. Descola, of the invaders (whose motives were mixed but whose invasion was, morally, as justifiable, as our own, within living memory, of that other ghastly charnel-house of Ashanti), "could they have watched an Aztec ceremony without nausea? The black-robed priests with matted hair, burrowing with their knives into the breasts of their victims, the human skulls piled up at the feet of the *teocallis*, the cannibal feasts around statues spattered with putrid blood, and the charnel-house stench which all the perfumes of Mexico were never able to hide."

The Aztecs were a repulsive lot. M. Descola seems to be surprised at the cordial welcome given to the invaders by Mexican women. Cortés himself (who later established a large mixed seraglio, before he returned to Spain to die old, impoverished and neglected) found early a Mexican mistress, who was a great help to him—as indeed were the tens of thousands of Mexican allies who helped him overthrow the detested Aztecs. But how could the women not have welcomed the newcomers. Not an Aztec mother but knew that her young boy or girl might not, passing in procession on a feast-day, be singled out by the priests for sacrifice, stretched out on a slab, slashed open from neck to groin, and have his or her heart violently plucked out and, steaming, brandished high before an exultant multitude, to the glory of the demons who were their gods.



IN THE TOLTEC CITY OF CHOLULA, IN MEXICO: THE TILED CHURCH OF SAN FRANCISCO ACATEPEC.

(Photograph by Canadian Pacific Airlines.)

man really tried to be boring he wouldn't succeed, because he would put up a good comic turn.

I don't suggest that he has the unique quality of being flawless. Like most rich colourists he is sometimes tempted to be flamboyant. He is also prone to be rough and ready in his generalisations. Pressing home his point that the ferocity of the Conquistadors can be explained by the utter simplicity of their faith, he ends a paragraph with the dashing statements that "Religious hypocrisy had not yet been invented; it was to turn up later, covering iniquity with its black cloak. The



NOW USED AS A HOTEL: A COLONIAL MANSION IN DOLORES HIDALGO.

(Photograph by Dirección de Monumentos Coloniales.)

This illustration and the one on the left are reproduced from the book "To the City of the Dead," by courtesy of the publishers, Faber and Faber.

been taken almost anywhere in the world), but mainly he tells us about the people he met. At long last men of mixed blood can be met who proudly say "I am Indian." This would be a surprise to H. G. Ward, sometime our *Chargé d'Affaires* in Mexico, who published in 1829 a noble work in two volumes about Mexico and thought that any reminding of the natives about their past would "excite the Aborigines to hostilities against the whites by awakening in them a sense of their long lost independence." They are becoming a people.

* "The Conquistadors." By Jean Descola. Translated by Malcolm Barnes. Illustrated. (Allen and Unwin; 30s.)

† "To the City of the Dead": an account of travels in Mexico. By George Woodcock. Illustrated. (Faber; 25s.)

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 1084 of this issue.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



ROBECCO, N. ITALY. AFTER THE TORNADO OF JUNE 16: THE RUINS OF THE VILLAGE OF ROBECCO AND ITS SHATTERED MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS, NOT FAR FROM PAVIA



VALLE SCURO PASSO, N. ITALY. WHERE THE TORNADO HAD RIPPED OPEN HOUSES AND TOSSED A MOTOR-CAR ASIDE IN A VILLAGE WHICH WAS ALMOST COMPLETELY DESTROYED.



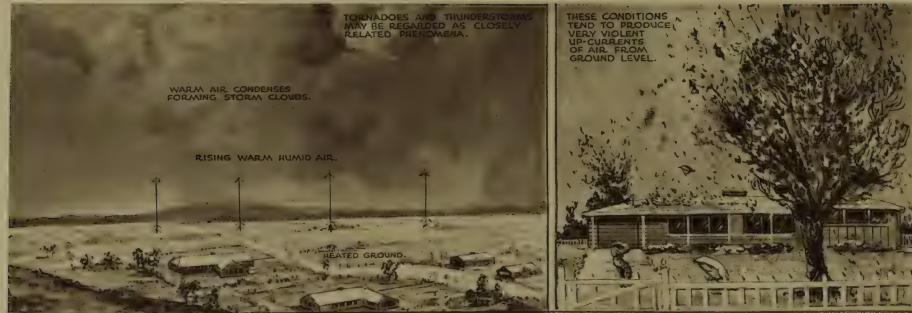
BRONI, N. ITALY. A WARD IN THE HOSPITAL CROWDED WITH THE BEDS OF THOSE INJURED IN THE SAVAGE TORNADO OF JUNE 16—WITH AN ANXIOUS WOMAN SEEKING A LOVED ONE.

In the torrential rainstorms which in mid-June caused such widespread destruction in the Alpine regions of Eastern France, Switzerland, the Tyrol and, most particularly, Northern Italy, perhaps the most strikingly savage aspect was the tornado which struck a group of villages near Pavia, some twenty miles south of Milan, on June 16. In Robecco, as reported in our last issue, the tornado tore off the roof of the church, less than half an hour after a congregation of 200 had left the building. About 80 per cent. of the



BRONI, N. ITALY. THE NORTH ITALIAN TORNADO WHICH ON JUNE 16 WRECKED TWO VILLAGES AND KILLED AT LEAST SEVEN PEOPLE, PHOTOGRAPHED BY AN AMATEUR FROM THE NEARBY VILLAGE OF BRONI.

houses were destroyed. In Valle Scuro Passo nearly all the houses were destroyed. The tornado caused the death of at least seven persons and between thirty and forty of the injured were taken to hospital at Broni nearby, where an amateur photographed the swirling black funnel shape of the wind which we reproduce above. The secondary effect of the rains was disastrous floods in the Po Valley, the river bursting its banks some twenty miles from the sea and causing the evacuation of thousands of people in the delta.



WHAT PRODUCES THE TORNADO?—NATURE'S MOST VIOLENT ATMOSPHERIC DISTURBANCE

The southern and middle States of the U.S.A. are annually subjected to the scourge of tornadoes, and this year some 400 have already been reported. This is a record number and there has been great damage to property and considerable loss of life. Tornadoes occur in various parts of the world, and one was recently experienced in northern Italy. Seven people were killed, many more injured and severe damage caused in three villages. Like those in America, this tornado, reported elsewhere in this issue, was accompanied by heavy rains and floods. In the southern and middle States of the U.S.A.

the cooler winds from the north and the warm, humid winds from the south meet each other. The tornado is formed when the warm and cold currents of air, rushing in to replace rising warm air, combine to form a whirling spiral of rising air currents. The air in the tornado's spiral, or twister, as it is locally known, rushes round at high speed, and wherever the twister strikes there is likely to be severe destruction. If there is not a plentiful supply of air rushing in to feed the up-rising spiral of the tornado, a particularly powerful vacuum is created and one result of this

Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis, with





IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

GIANT DELPHINIUMS—AND OTHERS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

IN writing recently about "Chelsea, 1957" I referred to some of the exhibits of delphiniums with their immense

stature and gigantic individual blossoms—plants 7 or 8 ft. tall, with flowers as much as 4 ins. across—I measured some. Those specimen plants were indeed a triumph of plant breeding and at the same time of super cultivation. The blossoms embraced a wide range of colours to appeal to all tastes, purest blues, both pale and dark, mauve, lilac, rosy-lilac and some splendid pure whites, and they were well spaced out upon the long, well-proportioned spikes. But they were, of course, a little misleading to the innocently uninitiated, some of whom might have decided that such superb giants would look out of place in their gardens, whilst others might order plants of the varieties which they admired most, fondly expecting to reproduce those Chelsea standards by merely planting-out in their borders with perhaps a little compost or farmyard manure, but none of the luxury refinements which go to produce the Chelsea standard of exhibition perfection.

Four or five years ago I so greatly admired at Chelsea one particular variety of delphinium with beautifully tapered spires of well-spaced-out blossoms of purest sapphire-blue, and having visualised it under ordinary outdoor conditions in the border and so reduced its stature by about a third, I ordered a plant—without remembering to enquire as to price. In the fullness of time my delphinium arrived. So did the bill. Two guineas. But it was money well spent. It grew and flowered exactly as I felt sure it would, and the financial wound healed remarkably quickly, as such wounds usually do when inflicted in the cause of gardening. But thinking back to the superlative delphiniums as exhibited at Chelsea, I can not help wondering whether the specialists in that line have not perhaps reached finality. No one surely wants delphiniums taller than 7 or 8 ft., even when specially gingered up for exhibition purposes, or 5 or 6 ft. under normal border conditions. And at such statures the individual blossoms are quite large enough. Nor can one imagine scope for much further development in the matter of colour.

True pinks and reds might, I suppose, be achieved, and yellows, too, for all those colours already exist in the delphinium family, if not among the perennial species, at any rate among the annual larkspurs, the orange-scarlet *Delphinium nudicaule*—which I believe has already been roped in for colour—and the yellow-flowered *Delphinium zaili*, seeds of which I have bought and sown repeatedly, and never yet managed even to germinate. Doubtless the race will go on among the tall herbaceous

perennial delphiniums, and doubtless there are still astonishing surprises in store for future generations of Chelsea addicts.

What a curious and interesting thing is this constant traffic in the breeding of new and novel garden flowers. Each year sees a fresh crop of new and improved (or the reverse) irises, dahlias, delphiniums, sweet peas, roses, and the rest. Some hold public esteem for longer or shorter periods, and then "one by one steal silently to rest." Some should, of course, have been strangled at birth, yet too often their very frightfulness and the craze for novelty for novelty's sake save them. Yet who but time is to say what is a masterpiece among new flowers, or pictures, or books? Fashion is apt to horn in and boost a new plant, picture, or book—for a while; but fashion, the ephemeral ass, is no sort of arbiter where true masterpieces are concerned.

How interesting it would be to know how many, and which, among the dozens of the latest delphiniums raised during the last dozen or so

years, and now costing anything from ten shillings to a couple of guineas a time, will still be in general cultivation fifty years hence, in the way that a select few old hardy plants of fifty or more years standing still hold their own to-day among a swarm of modern rivals among their own kind; and how difficult it is to pin-point exactly what it is that has made them what might be justly described as all-time masterpieces. *Clematis jackmanii* is one such plant. In spite of the glorious large-flowered clematis hybrids of to-day, August in England would not quite be August without *jackmanii*. I have no book at hand to tell me how many years ago *jackmanii* was raised, but surely not less than half a century.



"AUGUST IN ENGLAND WOULD NOT QUITE BE AUGUST WITHOUT JACKMANII": CLEMATIS JACKMANII IN FLOWER.

Mr. Elliott surmises that this hybrid must be at least fifty years old. In fact, it was raised at Woking in 1860 by Messrs. G. Jackman and Sons—and is therefore ninety-seven years old. It is a hybrid between *C. lanuginosa* and *C. viticella*; and the parent of innumerable varieties.

Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.

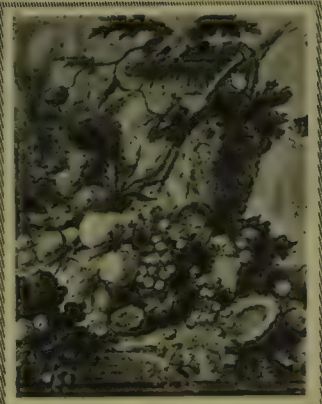
Then there is the old crimson double daisy, "Rob Roy." You may buy a packet of double daisy seed and without trouble

raise a batch of plants with blossoms, both pink and white, huger and handsomer seemingly than any daisy could possibly be. Yet "Rob Roy" turns up in shops and on street barrows with splendid regularity, year after year, and has done for as long as I can remember. And who, even among the most haughty highbrows, can resist at least a passing tribute to "Rob Roy," even if they do

not stop to buy or stoop to grow it? One could name a long list of such all-time plants. Perhaps one of the most astonishing and worthy of them is the little old claret pompom chrysanthemum called "Anastasia." How many new and novel varieties of chrysanthemum have been raised, exhibited, made mild sensations, and had their little day since "Anastasia" was a deb.? Without doubt many hundreds—probably thousands. Yet there are still a good many nurserymen, the ones who know a really good plant, despite its age, who still list "Anastasia"—the charming little master-plant.

My intention when I set out to write about delphiniums—and went broody over the big ones—was to discuss the desirability of developing a race of dwarfish varieties. Not what novelty nurserymen might call Tom Thumb varieties. Perish the thought. No,

no. What I would like would be delphiniums growing between 3 and 4 ft. tall, wiry and self-supporting, with not-too-large blossoms, well spaced out. If the stems were airily branching it might be an advantage. They would be suitable for the front of the flower border, instead of growing in rivalry among the hollyhocks. How invaluable they would be for cutting, and if well "done" in the matter of nourishment one could cut them with impunity, and count on their throwing up a succession of flowering stems to replace those which were taken. The nearest to the type of plant which I suggest are the race of Belladonna delphiniums. If plant-breeders would concentrate on raising new and really improved varieties on these lines, as they have worked so successfully on the more stately six-, seven- and eight-footers, they would, I feel sure, be doing a real service to flower gardeners of every kind, and, at the same time—if they should be nurserymen—a bit of good to themselves.



A MODERN DELPHINIUM OF FINE FORM: A SPIKE OF "CHARLES F. LANGDON." Since 1904, when they started work on delphiniums, Messrs. Blackmore and Langdon have done much to produce the delphinium of to-day.

Photograph by J. E. Downward.

A SOLUTION TO EVERY GIFT PROBLEM.

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TO BE UNVEILED BY THE QUEEN MOTHER: THE DUNKIRK MEMORIAL.



COMMEMORATING SOME 4700 SOLDIERS OF THE B.E.F. WHO FELL IN 1939-40 AND WHO HAVE NO KNOWN GRAVE: THE DUNKIRK MEMORIAL SHOWING THE AVENUE LEADING TO THE SHRINE (LEFT). THE NAMES OF THE FALLEN ARE ENGRAVED ON THE COLUMNS WHICH STAND ON EITHER SIDE OF THE AVENUE.



CONTAINING THE REGISTER OF THE NAMES ON THE MEMORIAL: THE SHRINE WHICH HAS AN ARCHED OPENING ON EACH FACE, SURMOUNTED BY A PEDIMENT.

Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother has arranged to unveil the Dunkirk Memorial at Dunkirk, to-day, June 29. The Memorial has been built by the Imperial War Graves Commission to commemorate soldiers of the British Expeditionary Force who fell in the campaign of 1939-40 and "to whom the fortune of war denied the known and honoured grave given to their comrades." The Memorial, designed by Mr. P. D. Hepworth, F.R.I.B.A., adjoins the Dunkirk Town Cemetery which lies on the eastern outskirts of the town. Eight hundred sailors, soldiers and airmen, comrades of the men in whose honour the Dunkirk Memorial has been built, are commemorated by individual headstones in this cemetery. At the entrance to the Avenue leading to the Shrine there are two columns (surmounted by carved stone urns) bearing inscriptions, that to the left in English and to the right in French. On either side of the Avenue the names of nearly 4700 soldiers are engraved on a series of large stone columns. The Shrine, which contains the Register of the names on the Memorial, has an arched opening on each face surmounted by a pediment.



AT THE BACK OF THE SHRINE: THE ENGRAVED GLASS WINDOW, DESIGNED BY MR. JOHN HUTTON, WHICH IS 18 FT. HIGH AND 9 FT. WIDE.



ONE OF ENGLAND'S OLDEST SCHOOLS: SHERBORNE, A VIEW OF THE COURTS LOOKING SOUTH. IN THE CENTRE IS THE ABBEY AND, BEYOND, THE TREES OF SHERBORNE PARK.

In 1950 Sherborne, one of the better-known English public schools, celebrated the 400th anniversary of its foundation, and in honour of the occasion the School received a visit from King George VI and Queen Elizabeth. (The Royal visit, incidentally, was reported, together with photographs of Sherborne, in our issue of June 10 for that year.) But although then 400 years had elapsed since the School was founded and given a handsome endowment of land by Edward VI, Sherborne has, in fact, been a centre of education for much longer than this, and it is possible that St. Baldhelm, Bishop of

Western Wessex, first founded a school there in 705. One of the school's earliest pupils may well have been King Alfred, who lived at Sherborne in his youth and who was himself no mean scholar. Near the old school was a monastery, and Edward VI's endowment must have been of great importance to the school after the loss of grants caused by the monastery's dissolution in 1539. In the interval, till 1550, the school paid a rent of 4d. a year to the impropiator of the Abbey lands; the headmaster of these years became head of the re-founded school. From time to time a series of school statutes were

drawn up, and in those of 1592 it is interesting to note that emphasis is laid on "abolishing of the Pope of Rome and all forein powers superiorities and authorities." The education was to be free, except for boys from other parts of the country, who had to pay 1s. entrance fee, and the master and usher were warned against giving extra favourable attention to sons of rich parents. Provision was made for the appointment of monitors and Latin had to be spoken at all times. During the seventeenth century the school was occupied by Parliamentary troops during the Civil War. In the nineteenth

century the school had two outstanding headmasters; Dr. Ralph Lyon (1823-45) increased the number of pupils, introduced the study of mathematics and started school examinations, which were then thought to be so unnecessary that he had to pay printing and stationery costs out of his own pocket. The other great headmaster of the nineteenth century was Dr. Harper (1850-1877), who laid the foundations of the school as it is to-day. The present headmaster is Mr. R. W. Powell, who was appointed in 1950, the year of the quartercentenary, following the resignation of Canon Alexander Ross Wallace.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.

SCHOOL SCENES FAMILIAR TO MANY GENERATIONS OF SHIRBURNIANS.



HEADMASTER'S DRIVE, A SCENE WELL KNOWN TO SHIRBURNIANS: (L. TO R.) THE ABBEY, THE CHAPEL, SCHOOL HOUSE STUDIES, THE HEADMASTER'S STUDY.



A FEATURE OF SHERBORNE: ITS EXTENSIVE SYSTEM OF CLOISTERS, WHICH PROVIDE WELCOME SHELTER IN WET WEATHER.

SHERBORNE, a school of "rambling halls and houses of all ages," is architecturally centred on the Abbey which, with its fine flying buttresses, borders its south side. From the monastery which flourished on the site until 1539 the school has inherited its present chapel, which used to be the Abbot's Hall, and the School House Studies which were the Abbot's lodgings and kitchen. The fifteenth-century building known as the Library, of which part dates from the thirteenth century, was given by Lord Digby in 1851. School House Dining Hall dates from 1606, and was used for teaching till 1853. This fine Jacobean building stands on the site of the original school. In the Courts are the main block of classrooms, the main Lodge and the Big School built in 1879.



A CORNER OF THE SCHOOL LIBRARY, ONCE A GUESTEN HALL, WHICH WAS GIVEN TO THE SCHOOL BY LORD DIGBY IN 1851.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.



A CORNER OF THE COURTS: ON THE LEFT ARE THE STEPS OF BIG SCHOOL AND, ON THE RIGHT, PART OF THE ANCIENT SCHOOL HOUSE STUDIES.



CHEAP STREET, SHERBORNE, THE SITE OF THE TOWN'S SHOPPING CENTRE. THE BOW HOUSE (CENTRE) HAS BEEN PART OF THE SCHOOL SINCE 1921.

THE ANCIENT TOWN AND SCHOOL OF SHERBORNE: CHEAP STREET AND PART OF THE COURTS.

Sherborne, the small town in which Sherborne School is situated, is set in the heart of the beautiful Dorsetshire countryside. Its name is thought to derive from "scir burne," meaning clear brook, which may originally have been applied to either the River Yeo or to the spring, known for centuries now as the New Well, which formerly filled the Abbey fishponds and now serves the school swimming-bath. When the school was first

founded there was a relatively small number of pupils, but to-day there are some 570 boys at Sherborne, and a further 130 in the Preparatory School. The Upper and Middle Schools are divided for specialisation in classics, mathematics and science, history and English, medicine and modern languages. There is also a General side and classes to prepare boys for the university, for Sandhurst and for the Navy Special Entry.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.



THE main emphasis this year at the usual Summer Exhibition at the Partridge Galleries is on French furniture, of which there are numerous examples of exceptional magnificence. The red lacquer commode of Fig. 2 is the most notable thing of its kind to have been seen in London for years, but of this later. First, rather perversely, a word about something less imposing. I don't know whether any who look at this page have yet made their way to Holland Park, where modern sculpture, both traditional and *outré*, is to be seen in the open air, and Victorian marbles, lent by Her Majesty, are on parade under cover. The average visitor, I think, is likely to remember the oddities among some of the moderns and perhaps to forget the grace and vigour of the remainder: what he can scarcely fail to notice is the curious insipidity of the Victorian contribution. It is as if all the successful sculptors of the 1880's, devoted though they were to classical ideals, were nourished exclusively on barley water and thin porridge; whatever their diet, in fact, their work exhibits the strangest mixture of earnestness and timidity.

There was something in the air—a something not confined to England, for French and Italians produced similar banalities at the same time, and only fifty or sixty years or so after Clodion in Paris was turning out dozens of little terra-cottas like Fig. 1 here, which have all the charm the Victorians were aiming at and nothing of their sentimentality. This is a very small object—less than 18 ins. in height—and can be easily overlooked amid so much imposing furniture. For that matter, as sculptors go, I suppose Clodion (1738-1814), for all his grace, occupies a small niche in history, for he did little more than reduce the antique (which he worshipped) down to drawing-room proportions. But he did this with an air at once civilised and smiling, so that when you compare him with his successors, who seem quite soulless by comparison, he appears to be almost great.

Students of European pottery will be intrigued by two small figures of a man and a woman in brown and green described in the catalogue as "seventeenth-century French Palissy figures," which is a trifle puzzling as Bernard Palissy died in 1590. There are several Italian Renaissance bronzes, notably a small group by some late fifteenth-century Florentine master. The paintings include a well-known Stubbs, of two horses, a dog and a groom, recently on loan at the Tate Gallery, and then at the Stubbs exhibition at the Whitechapel Art Gallery; and a delightful Arthur Devis (1711-87) of a Mr. and Mrs. Hill, the former standing, the latter seated by

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

"ALL FINE THINGS LIVE TOGETHER IN HARMONY."

the tea-table gazing out of the picture and holding the sugar-tongs in a rather self-conscious manner—an agreeable impression of prosperous domesticity.

However, tempting though it is to talk about these and similar ancillary objects, the show, as already indicated, revolves round a dozen or so pieces of French eighteenth-century furniture of the most luxurious type, the rarest of them all the commode of Fig. 2, the kind of thing which,

if we found ourselves the owners, would probably compel us to demolish our house, throw our existing furniture away and start afresh. It is signed on all the uprights "D. F." (that is, Jean Desforges who became Maître Ebéniste in 1739), and each portion of the ormolu mounts is marked with a C and a crown, which denotes that the commode was made between 1735 and 1740, when a tax was levied on all ormolu. The red lacquer is enriched with green and gold. As a piece of ceremonial furniture it is outstanding; as an example both in wood and metal of fine craftsmanship, it can take its place beside anything of its period. Were it not for this exceptional piece, one or two others, less gorgeous in colour, would attract more attention—a black and gold lacquer commode, for instance, of somewhat similar proportions signed by F. Rubestock (Maître Ebéniste, 1766) and several small Louis XV *secretaires*, though a more sober taste, having recovered from these marvels, will probably halt before a small mahogany writing-table, with very little enrichment, a pair of Louis XV armchairs with beechwood frames carved with flower crests and upholstered in yellow silks, and several small tables inlaid with floral marquetry.

These are the last word in distinguished nonsense, the final smiling gestures of a well-mannered society before the deluge, the descriptions of one or two of them reading a little like a chapter from the Book of Revelations; thus—"Tricoteuse in satinwood inlaid with amaranth, the top tier with ormolu beading and decorated with jewelled Sèvres plaques within ormolu frames." Two enormous beds, one from the middle, the other from the end of the century, must not—indeed cannot—be missed, and there are two very imposing Empire pieces, one of them a large pedestal writing-desk and an elaborate ceremonial centre table for a large entrance hall—gilt wood surmounted by a circular marble top on a central pedestal on a triangular base with three carved winged figures at the three corners.

"All fine things," says the catalogue, "live together in harmony"; the exhibition illustrates this sagacious remark by the addition of certain choice pieces of English furniture and a couple of late clocks by the Coventry Street maker Weeks, both in satinwood cases. An early eighteenth-century burr-walnut bureau book-case retains its original brass handles and locks, there are a pair of Queen Anne walnut chairs on cabriole legs carved at the knees and terminating in claw and ball feet, and a rare early walnut stool. A small Adam semi-circular commode, inlaid with panels of harewood and ebony and with three ivory medallions inlaid around the front, is almost identical with one in the Lady Lever Art Gallery at Port Sunlight. All these would be notable pieces in the normal exhibition—as it is they necessarily take second place amid the more luxurious splendours from across the Channel.



FIG. 1. A YOUNG GIRL LEANING AGAINST A TREE-TRUNK: A DETAIL OF A SMALL TERRA-COTTA FIGURE BY CLODION IN FRANK PARTRIDGE'S SUMMER EXHIBITION, WHICH CONTINUES AT 144, NEW BOND STREET, UNTIL JULY. (Height of figure, 17½ ins.)



FIG. 2. "THE MOST NOTABLE THING OF ITS KIND TO HAVE BEEN SEEN IN LONDON FOR YEARS": A LOUIS XV RED AND GOLD LACQUER COMMUNE, MADE BY JEAN DESFORGES BETWEEN 1735 AND 1740. THIS IS THE OUTSTANDING PIECE AMONG THE FINE FRENCH FURNITURE AT FRANK PARTRIDGE'S EXHIBITION. (Height, 33½ ins.; width, 52½ ins.)



(Above.) THE PROCLAMATION OF THE ROYAL NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD OF WALES, WHICH WILL BE HELD AT EBBW VALE IN AUGUST 1958: THE DEPUTY-ARCHDRUID BOWING TO THE NEWLY INVESTED ARCHDRUID.

On June 20 at Ebbw Vale the Rev. William Morris, of Caernarvon, was installed as the new Archdruid and the proclamation was made of the Royal National Eisteddfod which is to be held there in August 1958. The new Archdruid is seen here standing on the Logan stone after his investiture. Contributions of £9000 from the Ebbw Vale Council and £5000 from the Monmouthshire County Council have already ensured the financial success of the Eisteddfod, to which subscriptions totalling £20,000 have already been made.

(Below.) READY AND FIT FOR THE QUEEN: *CUTTY SARK*, RENOVATED, RESTORED AND REFITTED IN HER DRY BERTH AT GREENWICH FOR THE OPENING CEREMONY BY HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN ON JUNE 25.

The famous eighty-seven-year-old tea clipper *Cutty Sark*, now refitted and resplendent in her permanent shore berth beside the Naval College at Greenwich, is here shown as she appeared a few days before the ceremony on June 25, when the Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, had arranged to perform the public opening. Apart from the ship's historic interest and intrinsic beauty, *Cutty Sark* will also serve as a memorial in London to the Merchant Navy and will be used in part for nautical training classes.



CHAMPIONSHIP FAVOURITES AT WIMBLEDON: PLAYERS SEEDED FOR THE MEN'S SINGLES.



ASHLEY J. COOPER (Australia).
Seeded No. 2.



SVEN DAVIDSON (Sweden).
Seeded No. 4.



HERBERT FLAM (U.S.A.). Seeded No. 7.



(Above.) HAMILTON RICHARDSON
(U.S.A.). Seeded No. 3.



(Right.) NEALE A. FRASER
(Australia).
Seeded No. 5.



LEWIS A. HOAD (Australia). Seeded No. 1.



VICTOR SEIXAS (U.S.A.).
Seeded No. 6.



MERVYN ROSE (Australia). Seeded No. 8.

THE announcement that the Queen was to visit Wimbledon this year, for the first time since her Accession, added particular excitement to this most popular fortnight. The seedings for the All-England Lawn Tennis Championships, which started on June 24, were announced on June 18, and the draw was made on the following day. On these pages we show the eight men and eight women who have been seeded for the 1957 championships. The holder of the Men's Singles title, the reigning champion, L. A. Hoad, of Australia, is the No. 1 seed. Another Australian, Ashley Cooper, is seeded No. 2; this powerful player is only twenty but it is his fourth appearance at Wimbledon. There are two other Australians among the giants—Neale Fraser, seeded No. 5, who reached the "last eight" in 1956, and Mervyn Rose, seeded No. 8. H. Richardson, who is the 1957 captain of the Oxford University Lawn Tennis Club and ranked No. 1 in the U.S.A., has been seeded No. 3 at Wimbledon, and Sven Davidson, Sweden's leading player, is No. 4.

LEADING ASPIRANTS AT WIMBLEDON—1957: PLAYERS SEEDED FOR THE WOMEN'S SINGLES.



MISS ALTHEA GIBSON (U.S.A.). Seeded No. 1.



(Above.) MISS SHIRLEY J. BLOOMER
(G.B.). Seeded No. 3.



MISS LOUISE BROUGH (U.S.A.).
Seeded No. 2.



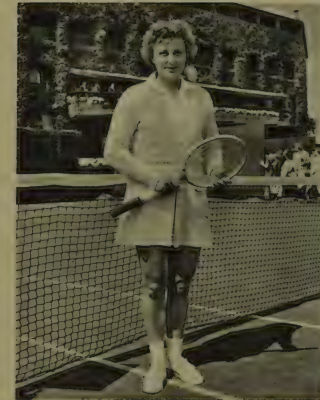
MRS. DOROTHY KNODE (U.S.A.).
Seeded No. 4.



MRS. THELMA LONG (Australia).
Seeded No. 6.



(Left.) MISS DARLENE
HARD (U.S.A.).
Seeded No. 5.



MISS VERA PUZEJOVA (Czechoslovakia). Seeded No. 8.



MISS ANGELA MORTIMER (G.B.). Seeded No. 7.

Vic Seixas, of the United States, who won the Singles title in 1953, has been seeded No. 6, one place higher than his compatriot, H. Flam, who is graded above him in the U.S. ranking list. In the Women's Singles the top two places go to the Americans, Miss Gibson and Miss Brough, the latter of whom has won the Wimbledon Singles title four times. Miss Althea Gibson, who is ranked No. 2 in the U.S.A., won the doubles (with Miss Angela Buxton) at Wimbledon last year. Miss Shirley Bloomer, of Great Britain, the winner of the French and Italian Championships, is seeded No. 3, and our other representative, Miss Angela Mortimer, is placed No. 7. Mrs. D. P. Knode, of the United States, a semi-finalist in 1953, is seeded No. 4 and Miss D. Hard, also of the U.S., is at No. 5. Australia is represented by Mrs. T. Long, seeded No. 6, and Miss V. Puzejova, at No. 8, is the first Continental to be seeded in the Women's Singles since 1953. Among the unseeded players there are a number this year who may well prove themselves giant-killers.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



MYTH, LEGEND AND FOLK-LORE.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

THE woodcock is still under fire; and so am I for having written on the method it uses for carrying its young. A very forthright letter from a reader tells me that while many people have seen a woodcock carrying its young held between its thighs, no one has ever seen one carrying its young on its back. The writer of the letter, who doubtless knows woodcock better than I do, declares that the idea of the bird carrying its young on its back is pure myth. With all due deference I can but recall that when I wrote upon this subject I quoted two excellent authorities for the truth of it, one British and one American. What interests me more in this is, however, the matter of the myth. Only to-day, at a luncheon party, an animal legend was discussed, and the one who initiated the discussion turned to me at the outset and said: "I know you are interested in these things," thereby suggesting that I am rather given to believing in them. The conjunction of these two events prompts me to set forth parts of an accumulation of information which, if it does nothing more, explains why I am prepared to examine carefully even the more extravagant of natural history lore.

This accumulation of information can be summarised under four headings, as follows. First, I have been mildly surprised on several occasions when, after publishing on this page knowledge which appeared to me new, I have received letters pointing out that this was set on record 100, 200, 300 or more years ago. Secondly, I have been impressed by the number of so-called legends that have been proved true during the last fifty years. Thirdly, I have been astonished again and again, during the last few years, at the way, the moment a common species is studied intensively, the most extraordinary facts concerning its behaviour are brought to light. Fourthly, I have been astounded at the way so-called scientific beliefs have been—and still are being—perpetuated in textbooks, encyclopædias and other authoritative writings, when they have been disproved long ago. To say the least, the accumulation under these four headings should make us very hesitant to deny anything categorically.

Under the first of my four headings, two examples must suffice. When I drew attention to some recent observations that the great Indian rhinoceros does not use its horn for offence or defence, but its front teeth; I received a letter pointing out that Marco Polo set this on record in the thirteenth century. The second occasion came after I had written on birds carrying burning objects—cigarette ends and glowing embers—in their beaks. From several sources I received information showing that from Pliny down to the seventeenth century the old literature contained records of birds setting thatched roofs on fire in precisely this way.

In contrast to these, which have remained hidden from modern students of zoology, there is a large number of others which have spread into common knowledge and have been treated as folk-lore. They have been treated as quaint but wholly ridiculous and not to be believed for one moment by serious students of natural history. The one that springs most readily to mind deals with the hibernation of birds. For 2000 years this has figured in folk-lore. During the nineteenth and twentieth centuries there were more circumstantial

records, which failed to gain acceptance by zoologists. Then, in 1946, a series of observations was started which ultimately set beyond doubt that the poor-will and the whip-poor-will were capable of hibernation. Since then, hibernation of some kind has been proven, or strongly suspected, in a score of different kinds of birds.

The ancient belief that swifts roosted in the heavens has been shown to be true for at least some individuals. That moles store earthworms by the hundred in times of plenty was proven correct by a Danish zoologist, by the simple expedient of keeping a mole in captivity, supplying

picturesque myth or laughed at it, according to taste. Conversely, we have believed in the idea of the Silent Oceans. The investigations of the last twenty years more especially, show that the seas are full of noises, and that the myth of the sirens is at least based upon sound observation. The factual account of *Opo* the dolphin, that won the hearts of so many people in New Zealand, has made credible a whole series of stories, from classical times onwards. One of these, recorded by Suetonius as having occurred off a seaside resort in Carthagina, parallels remarkably in detail the documented story of *Opo*, yet until now it has always been regarded as a fanciful and highly coloured story.

It has been said that one of the outstanding features of human, as compared with animal, psychology is that man must have something to believe in. One is tempted to add "so far as we know," for we have no proof that a few hundred years hence it may be put beyond doubt that chimpanzees and gorillas also have their beliefs. However, to keep to firmer ground, I would prefer to suggest that it looks as if the human mind must have not only its beliefs but its disbeliefs. There seems no other way to account for the fact, observable on every hand, that the seeker after truth will ridicule one story and swallow without effort another even less reasonable. For example, many a zoologist who readily accepted as fact that a camel stores water in its stomach, never stopping for a moment to enquire what happened meanwhile to the digestive processes, has ridiculed the idea that birds might be capable of hibernation. Yet, not only is the story of the camel's water-storage unreasonable on the face of it, but those who know camels well have, for years past, declared it impossible. Perhaps now that the Schmidt-Neilsens have travelled half-way across the globe to give it a thorough investigation this fable will be finally laid to rest.

I have said nothing about my third point, because to give even one example of this would take up most of the page. In any case, a number of such examples have already been dealt with on this page during the past ten years. Similarly, it has been necessary to include only a very few examples, of those available, to illustrate the other three headings. Briefly, also, I must sum up my attitude: that any natural history myth, legend or folk-lore, merits consideration because so frequently, if not invariably, it is based upon a sound observation. This may have been wrongly interpreted or even heavily garnished with fanciful trimmings so that the germ of truth tends to be obscured. In those instances where, either by accident or by patient dissection of the garnishings, the truth has been exposed, it is found, more often than not, that our forbears were not so unobservant as we sometimes suppose them to have been. Too often we are misled by the fanciful illustrations that accompanied the writings in the early natural history books. But it is, in my opinion, wrong to turn our backs on these romantic stories, for their thorough investigation is seldom without profit, even when ultimately, they are proved to be founded, as in some instances they are, on faulty observation. So, finally, I am still prepared to keep an open mind on the alleged myth of the woodcock carrying its chick on its back.



BARTHOLOMEW RECORDS THE ANCIENT BELIEF THAT THE HEDGEHOG "CLIMBETH UPON A VINE OR AN APPLE-TREE, AND SHAKETH DOWN GRAPES AND APPLES. AND WHEN THEY BE FELLED HE WALLOWETH UPON THEM AND STICKETH HIS PRICKS IN THEM."



THE MOLE. "IF YOU CATCH MOLES OR WANTS, PUT GARLIC, LEEKS OR AN ONION IN THE MOUTHS OF THEIR HOLES, AND YOU SHALL SEE THEM COME OR LEAP OUT QUICKLY, AS THOUGH THEY WERE AMAZED OR ASTONIED." THIS IS TRUE.



BARTHOLOMEW SAID OF THE SIREN THAT IT "IS A SEA-BEAST WONDERLY SHAPEN, AND DRAWETH SHIPMEN TO PERIL BY SWEETNESS OF SONG."

The above woodcuts come from *Hortus Sanitatis*, the first edition of which appeared in 1491. It was at that time the standard work on Natural History. Much of the information contained in it was used subsequently by Bartholomew (1535), quotations from whom are given above.



ELEPHANTS "VOID AND FLEE THE MOUSE." AN EXPRESSION OF THE LONG-STANDING IDEA THAT ELEPHANTS WERE AFRAID OF MICE.

it with a surfeit of worms and watching what it did with the surplus. This ended a fierce controversy of about a century's duration. Is the elephant afraid of mice? There was a report recently of an elephant dying of a hæmorrhage, with a mouse impacted in its trunk. Leeuwenhoek's observations on circulation in insects were disregarded for three centuries before being proven correct. Shrews do fall dead while crossing human footpaths; not for the reasons given in the folk-lore, but they do so for reasons that make the folk-lore not ridiculous. Porcupines do shoot their quills at an attacker, not deliberately but fortuitously as part of an aggressive display.

For 2000 years the story of the sirens has persisted, but latterly we have enjoyed it as a

fanciful trimmings so that the germ of truth tends to be obscured. In those instances where, either by accident or by patient dissection of the garnishings, the truth has been exposed, it is found, more often than not, that our forbears were not so unobservant as we sometimes suppose them to have been. Too often we are misled by the fanciful illustrations that accompanied the writings in the early natural history books. But it is, in my opinion, wrong to turn our backs on these romantic stories, for their thorough investigation is seldom without profit, even when ultimately, they are proved to be founded, as in some instances they are, on faulty observation. So, finally, I am still prepared to keep an open mind on the alleged myth of the woodcock carrying its chick on its back.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE UNITED NATIONS REPORT ON HUNGARY: MR. KEITH SHANN (AUSTRALIA, RIGHT), ADDRESSING CORRESPONDENTS IN NEW YORK.

On June 19 the United Nations Special Committee on Hungary published in New York its report on the recent tragic events in Hungary. The report is a damning indictment of Soviet tyranny. Above, Mr. Keith Shann, one of the Committee of five, is speaking to correspondents about the report.



THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF GHANA: LORD LISTOWEL.

Lord Listowel has been appointed the new Governor-General of Ghana it was announced on June 23. He has been a prominent member of the Labour Party for many years. He was Minister of State for Colonial Affairs (1948-50), and previously Secretary of State for India and for Burma.



AFTER WINNING THE LE MANS RACE IN A JAGUAR AT A RECORD AVERAGE SPEED: RON FLOCKHART (LEFT) AND IVOR BUEB.

The 24-hour race at Le Mans ended on June 23 with a great triumph for British cars. The first four places were taken by Jaguars, the drivers of the winning car being Ron Flockhart and Ivor Bueb. During the race they drove some 2732 miles at a new record speed of 113.84 m.p.h.



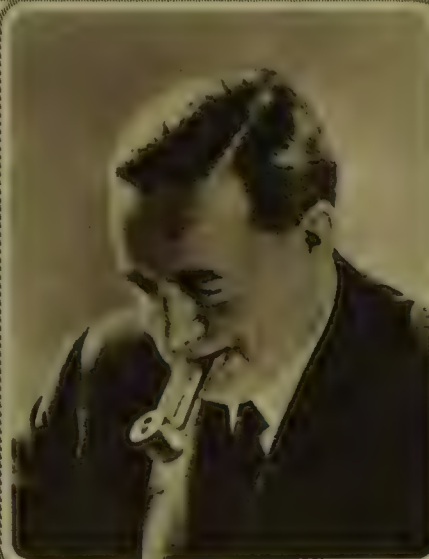
APPOINTED CHAIRMAN OF FAIREY AVIATION: MR. G. W. HALL.

Mr. G. W. Hall, F.R.Ae.S., has been appointed Chairman of the Fairey Aviation Company Limited, it was announced on June 17. Mr. Hall is a half-brother of the late Sir Richard Fairey. He was closely connected with the development of engines for the record-breaking Schneider Trophy aircraft and the Fairey Delta 2.



ENGLAND'S VICTORY AT LORD'S IN THE SECOND TEST: MEMBERS OF THE ENGLISH XI.

England defeated the West Indies in the Second Test, at Lord's, by an innings and 36 runs. Play ended on the third day, June 22. Members of the English team above are: left to right, P. E. Richardson, F. S. Trueman, R. Tattersall (twelfth man), T. W. Graveney, D. B. Close, D. V. Smith, and M. C. Cowdrey; sitting, l. to r., J. B. Statham, T. G. Evans, P. B. H. May (captain), T. E. Bailey and J. H. Wardle. The First Test, at Edgbaston, was drawn. The third is at Nottingham from July 4 until July 9.



AN OUTSTANDING BRITISH JOURNALIST: THE LATE MR. TOM CLARKE.

Mr. Tom Clarke, who died at Colchester on June 18, at the age of seventy-three, started his journalistic career in 1902. After working on a variety of papers he joined the Northcliffe Press, and later he was Editor and Director of the *News Chronicle*, until 1933. In 1931 Mr. Clarke published "My Northcliffe Diary."



AT THE BUSINESS EFFICIENCY EXHIBITION: LORD CHANDOS (LEFT) GREETING MR. M. C. ST. J. HORNBY.

The Business Efficiency Exhibition at Olympia (June 17-27) was opened by Lord Chandos, who is Chairman of Associated Electrical Industries. Above he is seen talking with Mr. M. C. St. J. Hornby, a Director of W. H. Smith and Son (Alacra) Ltd. At the Exhibition electronic brains and other modern devices aroused much interest.



AN AMERICAN EXPELLED FROM HUNGARY: COLONEL DALLAM.

On June 20 Colonel Welwyn F. Dallam, the United States Air Attaché in Budapest, was ordered by the Hungarian Government to leave the country within six days. The charges against him were that he tried to obtain information about the Hungarian Army and Air Force and that he helped the revolutionaries in the Hungarian uprising.



A FRENCH NOVELIST DIES: M. CLAUDE FARRÈRE.

M. Claude Farrère, the French novelist, died on June 21, aged eighty-one. He first served in the Navy. He won an outstanding success with his first novel, "Fumées d'Opium" (1904). Among his other successes were novels about Turkey, Japan and Indo-China. He was elected President of the Académie Française in 1935.



MARRIED IN SUSSEX: THE REV. DAVID SHEPPARD, THE CRICKETER, WITH HIS BRIDE, MISS GRACE ISAAC.

The Rev. David Sheppard, the England and Sussex cricketer, who is senior curate at St. Mary's Church, Islington, was married at All Saints' Church, Lindfield, Sussex, on June 19 to Miss Grace Isaac. The bride is the eldest daughter of the Rev. B. R. Isaac, secretary of the Ruanda Mission for the Church Missionary Society, and Mrs. Isaac.

THE GIANT STELÆ OF THE BUELNA VALLEY: UNIQUE CELTIC MONUMENTS OF NORTHERN SPAIN, WHICH CONFIRM THE ANCIENT LINKS BETWEEN GALICIA AND THE BRITISH ISLES.

By Dr. JESUS CARVALLO, Doctor of Science and Director of the Prehistoric Museum of Santander.

(N.B.—This article has been somewhat condensed for publication here.)

THE four giant stelæ, here published for the first time, are believed to be unique in the world; and they are on deposit in the Prehistoric Museum of Santander, where they have been studied by the Director. All four come from the Buelna Valley, some 40 km. (24½ miles) south of Santander (Fig. 1). Each is made in one piece from an easily worked triassic sandstone, rich in calcium carbonate, the same stone as that used in all the churches of this district. All were closely associated with existing shrines and as a result have been regarded locally with religious veneration. They are, however, Celtic, dedicated to the cult of the sun and anterior to Christianity. The fact that they are associated with shrines is easily explained. The primitive Christians in order to put an end to the pagan cults and the worship of idols Christianised the cult-sites, and wherever a pagan sanctuary existed they built a Christian shrine. (In this way we find dolmens and menhirs inscribed with crosses, a church (at Cangas de Onís, in Asturias) built over a dolmen; the same principle led me to discover in 1940 the ruins of Juliobriga, the Roman capital of Cantabria, beside a Romanesque church, built over an early shrine which again was built over a Roman temple, on the mountainside near Reinosa.)

It is interesting that as a result of studying these stelæ and the rock carvings of this region I have succeeded in demonstrating

the existence in Celtic times, before Christianity, of commercial and friendly relations between Northern Spain and the British Isles and Brittany; and in proving what was already known in part to prehistorians. It has been known that the Celts of Galicia, who, according to Pliny, were the Artabrians, the Britones and the Albiones, had gone out to conquer the Hyperborean Islands—that is to say, the British Isles, before Julius Cæsar's invasion. When the Albiones and Britones from Galicia reached England they found their cousins, the Gauls from France and Belgium, already in occupation. The word "Galicia" means Little Gaul. The same St. John's Night bonfires that burn in Ireland burn likewise in Galicia.

In the Santander Museum there is a large copper cauldron as fine as that in the British Museum, which was found in the Thames near Battersea and belongs to the Bronze Age. The Santander cauldron is unique for the continent of Europe and is very close to the Battersea cauldron. Another cauldron was found at Lugo, in Galicia, but was destroyed by farmhands.

The first stela (Fig. 4) comes from the village of Barros and was found beside the shrine which

is called after it, the Virgin of the Wheel. Its diameter is 6 ft. 2½ ins. (1.90 m.) and the thickness of the edge is 1 ft. ½ in. (.32 m.). The shaft, which was fixed in the ground, is 3 ft. 3½ ins. (1 m.) deep and 2 ft. 7½ ins. wide (.80 m.). It is made of a single piece including the shaft. The decoration is one of the many forms of swastika common to all the Celtic, Germanic and Indian races. In the centre of the circumference is a circular pit from which four lines radiate; in the spaces bordered by these are four triangles with curved bases, the whole inscribed in a circle. Then follow two concentric rings in marked relief, producing three negative reliefs. Finally there is the solar aureole, indicated with dog-teeth all round the rim—an almost indispensable element

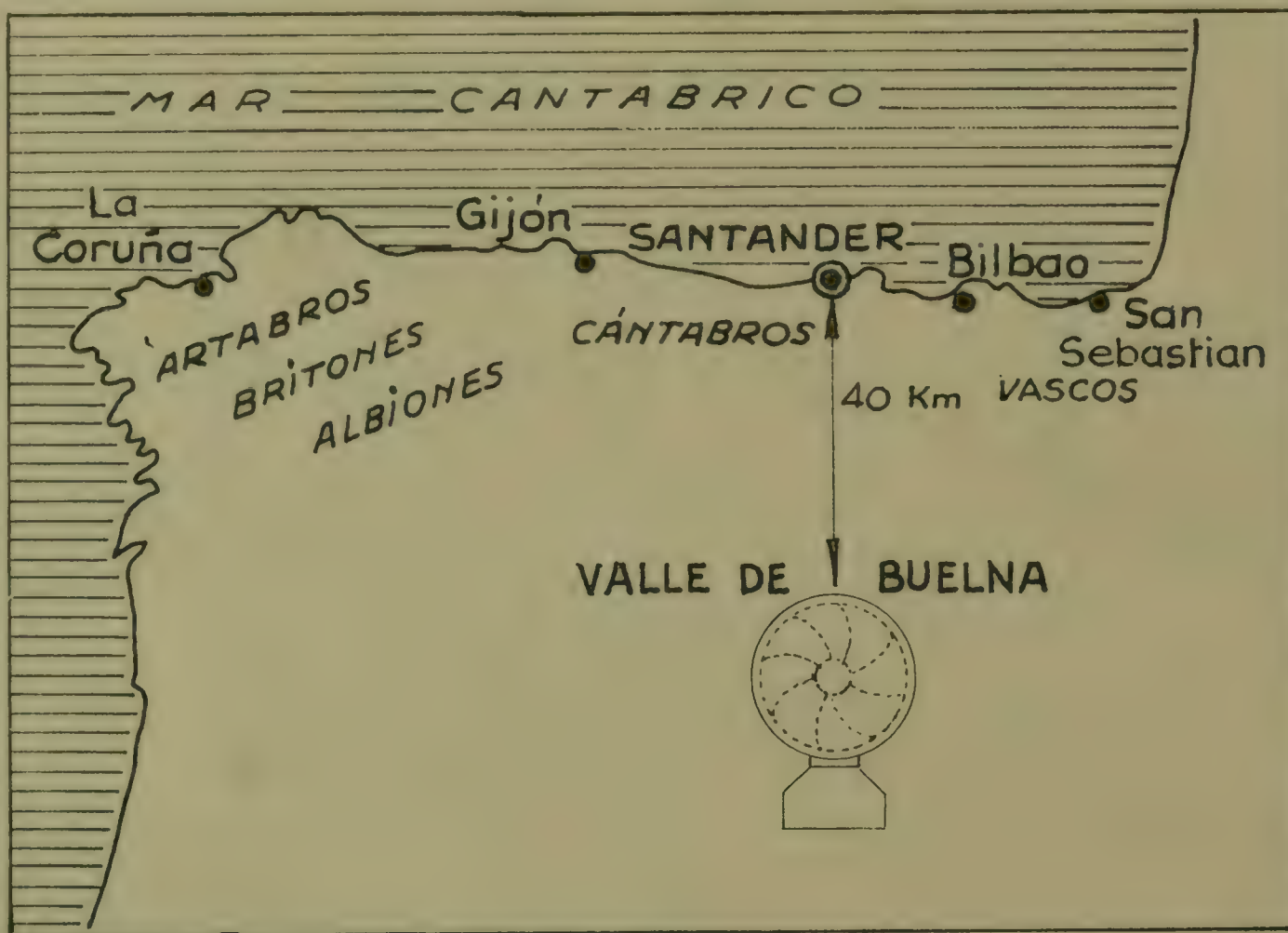


FIG. 1. A MAP OF NORTH-EAST SPAIN TO SHOW THE LOCATION OF THE BUELNA VALLEY, NEARLY 25 MILES SOUTH OF SANTANDER, IN WHICH THE FOUR GIANT STELÆ DISCUSSED IN THIS ARTICLE WERE FOUND.

The Buelna Valley lies among high mountains covered with forest and it is traversed by the Besaya River, which rises in the Pyrenees and runs into the Cantabrian Sea near Santander. The valley is well suited for primitive inhabitants, being temperate in climate and with an abundance of game and fish. The general areas of the three tribes mentioned in the article—the Artabrians, the Britones and the Albiones—are also shown.

in Celtic designs, whether rock carvings or bronze or ceramic inscriptions. The termination of the radii in circular pits recalls rock, bronze, ceramic and iron designs in Galicia; and the same is found in the glyptic art of Brittany and the British Isles. The two faces of the stela are the same.

In Figs. 8 and 9 is shown the stela found in the shrine of St. Cipriano in the Lombera district. This and Figs. 6 and 7 came to light when the Communists destroyed the shrine, revealing the two stelæ which had formed part of the walls. The workers began to smash them, but when this one had been broken in four pieces, the engineer Señor Gomez Ortiz (Fig. 5) succeeded in rescuing it and depositing it in the Santander Museum. One of the faces shows in relief another of the various forms of the swastika, with curved radii fanning out from the central pit. The swastika with curved radii is very frequent in Galicia, Brittany and Ireland. In the prehistoric city of Monte-Tecla alone (Pontevedra) more than twenty were found carved on rocks; and they are also found on bronzes and ceramics. For the Celts they were the object of the solar cult; with the arrival of fresh peoples and

customs they lost this significance and became decorative motifs.

Figs. 6 and 7 show the other from Lombera. This also has curved radii and the same decoration; but in it we find a new element not found in the others—two snakes stretched out and parallel with the edge of the disc. The carving is deep and well marked and they measure 6 ft. 2½ ins. (1.90 m.) in length. They begin from the base, where the two heads are joined; but when the stone was used to make part of the wall of the shrine, the shaft was cut off at the point where the heads joined and this is now missing.

This suggests the cult of the serpent, found in all Oriental countries and always linked with the sun cult. Evidence of heliolatry and ophiolatry abounds in Galicia, Brittany and Ireland.

In the camp of Troña (Pontevedra) there is a large rock with sun carvings and near it one showing a snake. In the village of Grundamil is the Serpent Rock, so called because it bears two snakes with a cross on top—certainly placed there by the Early Christians. The same can be seen in Brittany in the menhir of Lochrist, in Finistère, and in the dolmen of Kerland. Before finding this stela, curiously enough, I came upon a copper bracelet in a nearby cave which fastens with two little snake-heads. (Ophiolatry is very widespread and was common in Galicia, which in

Greek times was called Ophiusa. The snake occurs frequently in Galician legends and traditions, watching treasure, guarding enchanted maidens and, in one case, an enchanted princess has taken the form of a snake, as at Citania de Troña.) And in "Don Quixote" there is the passage where the knight says to Sancho: "A Knight Errant should accomplish such deeds and exploits that his fame grows so much that when the Knight arrives at the court of some Monarch, scarce do the men of the city see him enter through the gate than they recognise him and exclaim, 'This is the Knight of the Sun, or of the Serpent, or whatsoever other emblem

under which he has accomplished great deeds!'"

In Figs. 2 and 3 is shown the great stela of Zurita, the largest of all, with a diameter of 6 ft. 6½ ins. (2 m.) and a rim-thickness of 7½ ins. (.20 m.). It lacks a shaft which had been cut off, perhaps in order to set it in a wall like those of Lombera. I found it dragged out into a meadow, partly covered and buried with moss and mud. It belonged to a neighbouring homestead, called for that reason the House of the Wheel. When I had it taken to the museum I thought it would have the same geometric decoration as the other three; but when it was cleared of mud and moss I was faced with a large picture in relief, representing a scene from Celtic mythology. This shows: a horse of great size, the rider largely effaced by rain erosion; two warriors in front of the horse, both armed with lance and circular shield, one of them completely visible and with his head covered with a wolf's pelt reaching to the shoulder; and, in more damaged relief, other human figures on a more distant plane. Underneath is a frieze 2 ins. (5 cm.) broad dividing it from another scene related to the one already described. [Continued opposite.

FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE UNIQUE GIANT STELÆ OF CELTIC GALICIA—OBJECTS OF ANCIENT SUN WORSHIP.



FIG. 2. THE LARGEST AND MOST REMARKABLE OF THE FOUR GIANT STELÆ, THAT OF ZURITA. THE CELTIC MYTHOLOGICAL RELIEFS ARE QUITE UNIQUE IN THIS CONNECTION.



FIG. 3. THE REVERSE OF THE ZURITA STELA (FIG. 2), SHOWING A SOLAR SYMBOL. IT HAS LOST ITS SHAFT, AND HAS A DIAMETER OF 6 FT. 6 1/2 INS. (2 M.).



FIG. 4. THE STELA OF BARROS, WHICH HAS THE SAME DESIGN ON BOTH FACES. IT BEARS A VARIANT OF THE SWASTIKA AND A FINE DOG-TOOTH RIM. DIAM. 6 FT. 2 1/2 INS.



FIG. 5. THE TWO STELÆ OF LOMBERA WITH SENOR ORTIZ, WHO SAVED THEM FROM DESTRUCTION, THOUGH ONE WAS BROKEN INTO FOUR PIECES. THAT ON THE LEFT IS THE ONE SHOWING TWO SNAKES (FIG. 6).



FIG. 6. THE SNAKE STELA OF LOMBERA—THE REVERSE FACE, SHOWING THE SNAKE CARVING ROUND THE RIM. THE SNAKES' HEADS WERE LOST IN THE BREAKING OF THE SHAFT.



FIG. 7. THE SNAKE STELA OF LOMBERA—THE OBLVERSE FACE, SHOWING A SWASTIKA WITH CURVING RADII. THE DIAMETER OF THIS STELA IS 5 FT. 8 1/2 INS. (1.75 M.)

Continued.]

In this can be seen a man fallen on his knees, from the side, supported on his left elbow, with a small round shield falling from his left hand. A bird of good size and in strong relief is drawing itself up to peck him in the breast. This scene recalls a similar one from Scotland, at Aberlemno, near Brechin (published by James Fergusson). They are the same except that in the Aberlemno one the man has not quite fallen but seems to be falling backwards, but he holds the round shield in his hand and his arm is outstretched. This is another proof of the intimate relationship between Cantabria, Galicia and the British Isles. Fergusson does not explain this scene and indeed it is difficult to interpret. I have been equally unable to interpret it, but Professor Mazo Solano (Academic Correspondent of the Royal Academy of History and Official Chronicler of Santander) has found a Latin text which explains it. This is some verses of Silius Italicus recording the customs of the Celts, who practised cremation; but when it was a question of a warrior who had died in the defence of his country, the body was left untouched on the field until the sacred vulture should arrive to collect his spirit and bear it up to heaven. I believe this is what the scene represents. In the last century, Mungula, the historian of Galicia, had established the relation between Galicia and the British Isles in prehistoric times; and a discovery which I made in 1922 of more than 100 stone carvings on a mountain near the village of Cabrajo confirmed what he had said. Now the discovery of these gigantic stelæ leaves no doubt of this and confirms once more the fact that in the Bronze Age and particularly in the era of Celtic domination, there was very close contact between north-eastern Spain, Brittany and the British Isles.

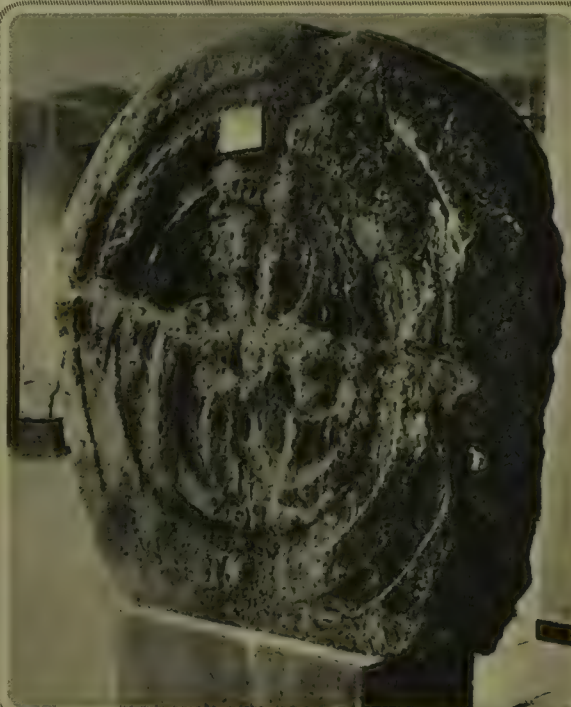


FIG. 8. THE LARGER LOMBERA STELA (DIAMETER 6 FT. 2 1/2 INS., 1.90 M.), ALSO BEARING THE SWASTIKA WITH CURVING RADII. THIS IS THE OBLVERSE FACE.



FIG. 9. THE REVERSE FACE OF FIG. 8, SHOWING A SUN SYMBOL. THIS AND THE SNAKE STELA WERE REVEALED WHEN COMMUNISTS WRECKED THE CIPRIANO SHRINE.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

THE HAWK SWOOPS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

MORE than once, just lately, if I may coin a few phrases, we have marked how grandly, how relentlessly, a damning catalogue of crime strode on until Retribution, like a poised hawk, came swooping down upon the Wrong Doer. If Lady Angela could have said that of Teasing Tom

... who was lost totally, And married a girl in the *corps de bally* what, I wonder, would she have said of the murderers in "It's the Geography That Counts" and "Time to Speak," or even of old Justice Squeezum in "The Justice Caught in His Own Trap; or, the Coffee House Politician"?

Here we need a pause for breath. Two of the dramatists I have mentioned thought nothing of crack-jaw titles, though nearly 230 years separates the plays: "The Justice" (to cut it short) by Henry Fielding, and "It's the Geography That Counts" (running now at the St. James's) by Raymond Bowers. I find Mr. Bowers's play worrying because there has to be so much "ingenuity and artifice" before business can start. When it does, the machinery works efficiently enough, but not a wheel can turn until a great deal of earlier contrivance has been explained to us. I could not help thinking (unkindly, no doubt) of Heath Robinson.

Certainly it is all far from spontaneous. Mr. Bowers, I imagine, set out to construct the perfect-murder play, and worked and worked to manoeuvre his people into exactly the right positions. Conscientious, yes; but no inspiration here: at least, I do not remember reading that the plot came to Mr. Bowers in a dream, or that suddenly, as he sat musing in the ruins of the Capitol while bare-footed friars sang vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, the idea of the play entered his enchanted mind. Though I do not deny the workmanship, excitement is dulled for me by thoughts of the dramatist's toil and a memory of that first scene when John Gregson is ramming facts into our minds.

I am debarred from saying too much because Mr. Bowers's plot needs some of its surprises to be kept. But I can explain, at any rate, that alibis have a lot to do with it, and that no man who is driving a car somewhere north of Newcastle is likely, at the same time, to murder a woman in Cornwall. A glance at an atlas will confirm this.

Mr. Bowers makes us work very hard, as hard as he did himself, and maybe that is a good thing. We discuss telephone calls, road mileage, makes of car. We are put generously into the picture, and it is for us to guess how the villain will falter and just when the hawk will swoop. It would be better if I could find the villain credible, and if the play were less resolutely talkative. As it is, I can say simply that John Gregson (cool) and John Stratton (terrified) are expert as brothers in whom brotherly love is hardly a noticeable virtue, and that Liam Redmond is the kind of detective-inspector capable of getting one to admit every crime. I shall drop down some evening to the St. James's, and confess; and I am sure that when it happens, Mr. Redmond—who for some of us must invariably mean O'Casey—will turn with a speech from the "Paycock." (This, perhaps: "What business is it o' yours whether I was in a snug or not? What do you want to be gallopin' about afther me for? Is a man not to be allowed to leave his home for a minute without havin' a pack o' spies, pimps an' informers cantherin' at his heels?")

One small growl. I wish that Noël Willman, who directed the play, had considered the sight-line from the left-hand side of the dress-circle to the stage. There are a few St. James's seats from which the early dumb-show is hidden. One or

two other West End circles have seats equally unfortunate. This can agonise an eager spectator, and it does not help the cause of the living stage.

Back to the poised hawk. It duly swooped in "Time to Speak" which has just ended its Arts Theatre run. Here, though Sylvia Rayman, the dramatist—she wrote "Women of Twilight"—



"WE ARE PUT GENEROUSLY INTO THE PICTURE, AND IT IS FOR US TO GUESS HOW THE VILLAIN WILL FALTER AND JUST WHEN THE HAWK WILL SWOOP": "IT'S THE GEOGRAPHY THAT COUNTS" (ST. JAMES'S), SHOWING MARSHAL ARMITT (JOHN GREGSON) AND MERCIA (JANE GRIFFITHS) IN A SCENE FROM RAYMOND BOWERS'S PLAY.



"JOHN GREGSON (COOL) AND JOHN STRATTON (TERRIFIED) ARE EXPERT AS BROTHERS IN WHOM BROTHERLY LOVE IS HARDLY A NOTICEABLE VIRTUE, AND LIAM REDMOND IS THE KIND OF DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR CAPABLE OF GETTING ONE TO ADMIT EVERY CRIME": "IT'S THE GEOGRAPHY THAT COUNTS," A SCENE FROM THE PLAY SHOWING (L. TO R.) HURST (LIAM REDMOND); MARSHAL ARMITT (JOHN GREGSON) AND JAMES ARMITT (JOHN STRATTON).

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"WE'RE HAVING A BALL" (Palladium).—Max Bygraves in revue. (June 21.)
MOSCOW STATE VARIETY THEATRE (Streatham Hill).—The company will play for a fortnight at Streatham Hill and a week at Golders Green. (June 24.)
INTERNATIONAL VARIETY (Hippodrome).—Lonnie Donegan at head of bill. (June 24.)
"THE MAKING OF MOO" (Royal Court).—A new comedy by Nigel Dennis. (June 25.)
"LOVE AND LAUGHTER" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—Walter Fitzgerald and Barbara Everest in verse comedy by David Piper. (June 26.)
"LESS THAN KIND" (Arts).—Derek Monsey's play; Diane Cilento in cast; Yvonne Mitchell directing, in John Piper set. (June 27.)

was as demanding as Mr. Bowers is at the St. James's, I thought hers the more likable play. Again, I can hardly say that I believed in the preliminaries. Husband and wife are running for the Continent, the husband having committed murder. They are obliged to shelter in a Sussex country cottage owned by an agreeable woman and her blind husband. There, without apparent grumble from the most forgiving of hosts, they stay for the duration of the piece. Still, once that has been accepted—if accepted it can be—Miss Rayman treats her plot with cunning, sustains the tautness, and writes dialogue that is not hedged about by time-table work. I shall remember with gratitude the acting of James Grout (on the run), Gwendoline Watford (with him), Jessica Spencer (hostess), and Tony Church (blind host), who first acted in the piece for the Hornchurch Players.

My last play this week is Henry Fielding's "The Justice Caught in His Own Trap." It is the kind of thing we are never likely to see on the professional stage, and I was happy to catch an amateur performance at the Crescent Theatre in Birmingham. The date of the play—Fielding's fourth—is 1730. If we think of him at all in the theatre now, it is as the author of such burlesques as "Pasquin" and "Tom Thumb the Great." It is "Tom Thumb" that contains the mockery of James Thomson's "Oh! Sophonisba! Sophonisba! Oh!":

Oh! Huncamun! Huncamun! Oh!
Thy pouting Breasts, like Kettle-Drums of Brass,
Beat everlasting loud Alarms of Joy;
As bright as Brass they are, and oh, as hard;
Oh! Huncamun! Huncamun! Oh!

We do not find writers quoting from "The Justice Caught in His Own Trap," and I must agree that the swooping of the poised hawk upon the deplorable Justice Squeezum is conducted slowly and tediously. But there is first-rate material in the speculative gloom of the coffee-house politician who lives in a shower of newsprint, and who is far more perturbed by the Turks' intentions about Hungary, France, and ultimately Britain, than about his own household. He is a man of affairs, his head addled by too much reading, and for his few scenes—a prophecy of the Suez Canal creeps into one of them—I would yield willingly all the rest of the conventional period imbroglia.

Since I wrote last, the theatre has applauded the conferring of a knighthood upon Donald Wolfit, and mourned the death of Esmé Percy. It is a long time since I saw Mr. Wolfit as the First Witch on tour, and, a few years later, as Demetrius in Harcourt Williams's production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Old Vic. Since then, of course, he has climbed to Lear, though I think of Volpone bidding good-morning to the day and, next, his gold, and of Lord Ogleby from "The Clandestine Marriage," a performance in which—as I wrote then—the actor thinned his voice to a hair-line quiver, used about one-sixth of his natural force, and seemed to lose several stones in weight. That came, moreover, immediately after the Tamburlaine of "great and thundering speech."

Esmé Percy was an intellectual, idiosyncratic actor whose cascade-speaking as John Tanner in the full-length "Man and Superman" stays with me across the years. He was a Shavian born, but no listener to it will forget his summoning, in a lecture-recital, of Sarah Bernhardt (who so much influenced him), or his Gayeff—never overdoing the billiards tic—in the last revival of "The Cherry Orchard," or, far removed, the rag-and-bone man Skippis, at the very tail of "The Lady's Not For Burning." Esmé Percy will be missed from a theatre for which he had done much, as director as well as actor.

THE GREAT MUSICAL PLAY WHICH STILL ENCHANTS NEW YORK: "MY FAIR LADY."



"WHY CAN'T THE ENGLISH?": HENRY HIGGINS (REX HARRISON) FINDS ELIZA DOOLITTLE (JULIE ANDREWS) AN INTERESTING PHONETIC PROBLEM.



"WOULDN'T IT BE LOVERLY": THE WINSOME JULIE ANDREWS AS ELIZA SINGING ONE OF THE MANY ENCHANTING MUSICAL NUMBERS.



THE MOMENT OF RESOLUTION: HENRY HIGGINS DECIDES UPON THE ELOCUTIONARY TRIUMPH OF ELIZA DOOLITTLE, THE DUSTMAN'S DAUGHTER.

EVEN in New York, where "smash hits" frequently make the headlines, "My Fair Lady" has proved something of a sensation on Broadway. Since it opened in the vast Mark Hellinger Theatre (1565 seats) on March 15, 1956, it has been playing to capacity, and it is reported that the average Black Market price for two seats is steady at around £12, while it is said that as much as £50 a pair is sometimes paid. Many people in this country are already familiar with the

[Continued below, left.]



THE DUSTMAN MEETS HIS DAUGHTER'S TUTOR: ALFRED P. DOOLITTLE (STANLEY HOLLOWAY) MAKES HIS IMPACT ON HIGGINS (REX HARRISON—RIGHT).



ELIZA HAS HER FIRST LESSON ABOUT "THE RAIN IN SPAIN" FROM HIGGINS.



"THE RAIN IN SPAIN": HENRY HIGGINS, ELIZA DOOLITTLE AND COLONEL PICKERING (ROBERT COOTE) CELEBRATE WITH AN ENCHANTING DANCE.

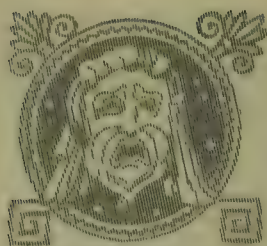


"I COULD HAVE DANCED ALL NIGHT": JULIE ANDREWS IN "MY FAIR LADY," WHICH IS STILL FILLING BROADWAY'S MARK HELLINGER THEATRE.

Continued.
music and lyrics in this adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion," which comes to the stage as a happy combination of Shavian and musical comedy romance. The book and lyrics are by Mr. Alan Jay Lerner and the music is by Mr. Frederick Loewe, the designs and settings are the work of Mr. Oliver Smith and the costumes have been designed by Mr. Cecil Beaton. The cast,

headed by Mr. Rex Harrison and Miss Julie Andrews, includes no fewer than five actors and actresses from this country—the other three being Mr. Stanley Holloway, who takes the part of Alfred P. Doolittle, Mr. Robert Coote, who plays Colonel Pickering, and Miss Cathleen Nesbitt, who is Mrs. Higgins. "My Fair Lady" has been awarded no fewer than six "Tony" awards.

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THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.



A LONG WAY AFTER.

By ALAN DENT.

THERE has been very little to praise, and a great deal to dispraise—a state of things which makes your critic only too anxious to be just and fair.

For example, the much-awaited new film-version of Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton" will hardly pass muster in any particular. Kenneth More, who is justly one of the most popular film-actors of the day, is wrongly cast as the butler who became a king when cast-up on a desert island with Lord Loam and his daughters and two of their suitors. Cecil Parker seems very little happier as Lord Loam himself, and Sally Ann Howes as Lady Mary—the only other member of the family to be clearly characterised—does not relax nearly enough on her island. (In the play she relaxes so much that when she returns to England she finds herself taking the drawing-room stairs three at a time.)

The director is Lewis Gilbert, who made "Reach for the Sky"—with Kenneth More unforgettably right as Bader—quite superbly. Here he seems bogged down with Barrie and is at ease only when he can get away from that difficult wee and mighty Scottish playwright. For instance, he seems to have enjoyed the non-Barrie bits best—Lord Loam in a storm at sea, for example, being so sea-sick as to ask for a bowl. "A bowl of what, my lord?" asks the admirable Crichton, and gets the petulant reply:—"Oh, just a bowl!" He seems, likewise, to revel in showing Crichton doing a lengthy stretch of swimming and diving with Lady Mary.

Crichton's speech to Lady Mary in the first act no longer makes us laugh. Almost it makes us wince:—"My lady, I am the son of a butler and a lady's-maid—perhaps the happiest of all combinations; and to me the most beautiful thing in

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



DIANE CILENTO AS TWEENY IN COLUMBIA'S SCREEN PRODUCTION OF SIR JAMES BARRIE'S PLAY "THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON."

In making his choice Alan Dent writes: "If we give Miss Cilento the award for the fortnight it is far more because of her promise than her achievement. She is, for example, remotely unlike what Tweeny should be in 'The Admirable Crichton'; but the fault of this lies very largely with her director. This striking girl, with her unusual Italian-Australian origins, will obviously find her *métier* and her right sort of character by and by. She has notable good looks and a still rarer quality of 'attack'—or the screen equivalent of that stogy word. She has not gone far as yet, but she will go far."

the world is a haughty, aristocratic English house, with every one kept in his place." In the precarious meantime, at any rate, this is an out-of-date pronouncement

—as out-of-date as a lady's-maid!

This just simply is so—whether you feel inclined to say "Alas!" or "A good thing too!" This film, then, is an artistic fiasco. It could easily, of course, turn into an immense commercial success, Mr. More's admirers being practically innumerable. But if these like it, it is certain that they are going to like it for quite the wrong reasons.

It would be pleasant now to turn to something and say:—"Now this is an artistic success." But there is nothing to turn to. There is "The

Rising of the Moon," and there is "How to Murder a Rich Uncle." The first is Irish, an energetic attempt to set up a new Irish school of film-making with—as it seems—at least half the full strength of present-day Irish acting at the back of it. It should have been a broth of a film. It turns out to be a plate—or three plates, for there are three different consecutive stories—of thin and tepid soup. They are introduced by Tyrone Power stepping out of a Dublin doorway to tell us how we are going to enjoy ourselves. And in the directing of them that superlative film-director, John Ford, has made quite the worst film with which we have ever had to associate his distinguished name. I know these Irish. They have welcomed Mr. Ford, informed him he had Irish blood in him whether he was born in Maine or anywhere else, let him think he was having his own way, and proceeded to direct him out of his own studio and into the Irish streets.

This three-decker film is made out of a short story by Frank O'Connor (about the distilling of "moonshine" or poteen), a sketch by Martin McHugh (about a railway-train that sticks interminably in one station), and the playlet by Lady Gregory (not her best) that gives the film its title. It is all ill-advised, and it all amounts to nothing very much. Nothing is going to remain long in my memory about this film except the shrewd hickory face of Jack MacGowran as a rapsallion of a poteen-maker in the first story, the no less witty Irish face of May Craig as an old gossip in the second one, and the sorrowing O'Caseyish visages of Maureen Delaney and Eileen Crowe in the Lady Gregory anecdote which is elaborated out of all recognition. There is a marvellous masterpiece by J. M. Synge called "The Playboy of the Western World" which cries out to be filmed and clamours for exactly such players as these. But what's the use of saying so? Let me leave "The Rising of the Moon" before I start being unkind to it.

Just as "The Admirable Crichton" is a long way after Barrie's play, so "How to Murder a Rich Uncle" is quite a considerable way "after" the Alec Guinness film called "Kind Hearts and Coronets" to which all the critics have been comparing it, very justly to its detriment. We are again in a scatty and creaky aristocratic household. The efforts to dispense with the rich uncle from America practically succeed in depriving us of all his anticipative



"BARRIE'S BRILLIANT PLAY FOUNDERS IN THIS FILM-VERSION": A SCENE FROM COLUMBIA'S "THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON" WITH (L. TO R.): TWEENY (DIANE CILENTO), CRICHTON (KENNETH MORE), JOHN TREHERNE (JACK WATLING), LADY CATHERINE (MERCY HAYSTEAD), LORD LOAM (CECIL PARKER), LADY AGATHA (MIRANDA CONNELL) AND ERNEST WOOLEY (GERALD HARPER). (LONDON PREMIERE: ODEON, LEICESTER SQUARE, JUNE 6.)

But Barrie's brilliant play founders in this film-version. What is the play about? Let Walkley answer—the best critic of its period, which is around 1902:—"It deals with Rousseau's perpetual subject, the Return to Nature. But it deals with that subject in a whimsical, pathetic, ironic, serious way which would have driven Rousseau crazy. Perhaps it takes a little too long in the telling. Perhaps the actors are a little slow. But when all discount has been allowed, the play is to my thinking as delightful a play as the English stage has produced in our generation; always fresh and exhilarating, yet always giving *furieusemment à penser*."

In the film this theme emerges only indirectly. A kind of vulgarisation quite alien to Barrie creeps into it and pervades it. It has become a story about a butler who, because of the shipwreck, becomes quite as fascinating to Lord Loam's three daughters as he has been all along to the little between-maid called Tweeny (played bewitchingly but with quite the wrong kind of emphasis by Diane Cilento). This is embarrassing enough. But still more disconcerting is the shift of values. Possibly we are both too far away and too near to "The Admirable Crichton" for it to be successfully revived at the moment, even in the theatre. Its irony does not tell as it should.



FILMED ENTIRELY IN IRELAND WITH AN ALL-IRISH CAST: WARNER BROS.' "THE RISING OF THE MOON"—A SCENE FROM THE SECOND EPISODE, "A MINUTE'S WAIT," WITH COLONEL CHARLES FROBISHIRE (MICHAEL TRUBSHAW) AND MRS. FROBISHIRE (ANITA SHARP BOLSTER). (LONDON PREMIERE: WARNER THEATRE, JUNE 13.)

OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN" (Generally Released; June 24).—The hero of this ghastly tale is reduced through radio-active influence to the size of a housefly. A parable of our times, it takes us slowly back to Swift. The trick-photography is almost alarmingly good.

"THE TOMMY STEELE STORY" (Generally Released; June 24).—The long, laborious, noisy life of a much-loved and admired jazz-exponent who is still in his adolescence and obviously sees no point in growing out of it.

"GONE WITH THE WIND" (Generally Released; June 17).—The welcome revival of a great classic—much revisited by all film-lovers, especially the women. Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable, Leslie Howard and Olivia de Havilland are incomparable.

relatives. But there are compensations to make these ninety tottering minutes almost worth while. These include an aunt who giggles over horror-stories (Athene Seyler with a face like an old map bearing legends like "Here be footpads" and "Here be vipers"), another venerable relative (played by the late and endeared Katie Johnson), and the chief murderer who is a debt-laden squire (Nigel Patrick, who contrives to be at once baleful and breezy). This is Mr. Patrick's first venture in film-direction. There are indications that he will do better things with a better script.

FROM LONDON,
DEVONSHIRE,
HAMPSHIRE
AND NORFOLK;
A NEW
ST. PAUL'S
CHAPEL AND
OTHER ITEMS.



TO BE ESTABLISHED IN THE CRYPT OF ST. PAUL'S: THE CHAPEL OF THE ORDER OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE—AN IMPRESSION OF LORD MOTTISTONE'S DESIGN.

On June 13, details were published of the proposal, approved by the Queen, that St. Paul's Cathedral should become the Church of the Order of the British Empire. A permanent chapel in the Crypt is to be dedicated to the use of the Order. An appeal has been launched—addressed especially to members of the Order—to raise the sum of £10,000 required to augment the anonymous gift of £5000 towards the construction of the chapel.



A HISTORICAL CLASSROOM AT KING'S SCHOOL, TAUNTON: THE OLD LABORATORY ERRECTED BY WILLIAM TUCKWELL IN 1869, WHICH HAS NOW BEEN REPLACED. The main part of the War Memorial at King's School, Taunton, which Princess Margaret is to open on July 6, is a new science block (shown below). This replaces the laboratory erected by William Tuckwell in 1869, which was the first classroom in this country to be wholly devoted to the teaching of Science, and was in constant use until 1955.



TO BE OPENED BY PRINCESS MARGARET ON JULY 6: THE NEW SCIENCE BLOCK AT KING'S SCHOOL, TAUNTON, FORMING PART OF THE WAR MEMORIAL.



GIVEN TO THE NATIONAL TRUST BY SIR VICTOR SASSOON: WEST GREEN HOUSE, A CHARMING EARLY 18TH-CENTURY HOUSE IN HARTLEY WINTNEY, HAMPSHIRE. West Green House, Hartley Wintney, which has been given to the National Trust by Sir Victor Sassoon, together with 77 acres of surrounding farmland, is a small red-brick building of the early eighteenth century. This view of the West front shows the roundels containing busts.



TO BE SHOWN AT THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW AT NORWICH FROM JULY 2 TO 5: TWO GIANT CORN DOLLIES WHICH HAVE BEEN MADE FOR THE BREWING AND MALTING INDUSTRIES' "BARLEY MOW" EXHIBIT.



BOUGHT AT SOTHEBY'S ON JUNE 18 FOR £1000 BY A NEW YORK DEALER: DRAWINGS OF WILLIAM PENN, THE FOUNDER OF PENNSYLVANIA, AND HIS WIFE, BY FRANCIS PLACE. Among many interesting lots in the sale at Messrs. Sotheby's on June 18 were the chalk drawings by Francis Place (1647-1728) of William Penn and his wife, Hannah. This is believed to be the only authentic portrait of the founder of Pennsylvania, who is shown at about the age of fifty.

MATTERS MARITIME; A GIPSY FUNERAL; AND A SEARCH FOR TWO LOST CHILDREN.



(Above.)
ONE OF THE VICTIMS OF A
COLLISION AND FIRE OFF
USHANT: THE LIBERIAN-
REGISTERED TANKER
STONY POINT (10,506 TONS)
LYING AT SEA OFF FAL-
MOUTH BEFORE REPAIR.

On June 19 these two ships, one a tanker the other a cargo ship, collided and both caught fire near the island of Ushant in a thick fog. The total casualties were fourteen dead, one missing and eighteen injured. Ships of many nationalities helped to rescue the survivors.



THE OTHER VICTIM OF THE USHANT COLLISION: THE GREEK MOTOR-SHIP *IOANNIS* (9,345 TONS) AT BREST WITH HER BOWS STOVE IN AND PAINTWORK BURNT.

(Right.)
THE THAMES BARGE
MATCH: *SIRDAR*, IN THE
FOREGROUND, AND OTHER
CRAFT GETTING READY FOR
THE START.

The time-honoured Thames barge match was held on June 19 and was won by *Sirdar*. The course is of 50 miles, from the Lower Hope to North Oaze Buoy and back to Gravesend. *Sirdar's* time was given as 6 hrs. 26 mins. 35 secs. Of the other five craft, two failed to finish and a third was damaged.



THE "KING OF THE ROMANIES" MAKES HIS LAST JOURNEY: THE SCENE DURING THE FUNERAL AT VINEY HILL OF GIPSY PETULENGRO.

Over 2000 people attended the funeral of Gipsy Petulengro, the man who claimed to be "king of the Romanies" at Viney Hill, Gloucestershire, on June 21. Gipsy Petulengro, who was "about eighty-seven," was buried in All Saints' churchyard as costumed fiddlers played gipsy music.



BEFORE AN UNSUCCESSFUL SUNDAY SEARCH FOR TWO MISSING CHILDREN: SOME OF THE 5000 VOLUNTEERS WHO ASSEMBLED AT STAPLETON, BRISTOL. The search for two Bristol children, June Sheasby, aged seven, and her brother, Royston, aged five, who had been missing since June 20, became a large-scale operation on Sunday, June 23, when the police were helped to comb a large area by 5000 of the public.

HOGARTH THE LONDONER.



"MRS. RICHARD HOGARTH," HOGARTH'S PORTRAIT OF HIS MOTHER. (Oil on canvas; 30 by 25 ins.) (Lent by R. L. Lion, Esq.)

"PORTRAIT OF INIGO JONES," PAINTED BY HOGARTH IN 1757. (Oil on canvas; 36 by 26½ ins.) (Lent by the National Maritime Museum.)



(Above.) "MONAMY THE PAINTER EXHIBITING A SEA-PIECE TO MR. THOMAS WALKER, HIS PATRON." (Oil on canvas; 24 by 19 ins.) (Lent by the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Derby.)

WILLIAM HOGARTH (1697-1764) was born in London of north country stock and much of his work is connected with London. Under the title of "Hogarth the Londoner," the interesting exhibition at the Guildhall Art Gallery, which continues until July 6, illustrates this most



A DETAIL FROM HOGARTH'S "DAVID GARRICK IN THE GREEN ROOM AT DRURY LANE THEATRE." (Oil on canvas; 18½ by 24 ins.) (Lent by the Lady Lever Art Gallery, Port Sunlight.)

imaginative artist's interpretation of the atmosphere and personalities of the great city. In his portraits and genre paintings William Hogarth has left a vivid record of his time, and, together with the drawings and engravings in the exhibition, they provide a lively picture of the eighteenth century as seen by one of the most observant of artists.

J. C. IBBETSON AT KENWOOD.

AN exhibition of paintings and water-colours by Julius Cæsar Ibbetson (1759-1817) has been assembled at the Iveagh Bequest, Kenwood, and reveals this artist's lifelong struggle to find patronage, which made him try his hand at a great variety of subjects. The central feature of the Kenwood exhibition, which continues until September, is the inclusion of twenty-seven of the decorations painted by Ibbetson for Lord Mansfield's Music Room at Kenwood, on which he started in 1794 and worked for about eighteen months. Most of them show delightfully-painted *putti* engaged in various country pursuits, while the remainder are Welsh landscapes painted in a classical style. This series was purchased by the Iveagh Bequest in 1952, and it is most interesting to see Ibbetson's only venture in decorative painting in conjunction with a representative selection of the remainder of his work.



"A FAMILY TAKES AN AIRING," DRAWN BY JULIUS CÆSAR IBBETSON IN 1787, THE YEAR IN WHICH HE MOVED TO KILBURN. (Water-colour; 8½ by 12 ins.) (Lent by Minto Wilson, Esq.)



"LUDLOW CASTLE," ONE OF IBBETSON'S MOST SUCCESSFUL LANDSCAPE PAINTINGS, WHICH WAS PAINTED IN 1792 AND SHOWS THE CASTLE AND LUDFORD BRIDGE AS SEEN FROM WHITCLIFFE. (Oil on canvas; 12½ by 17½ ins.) (Lent by Manchester City Art Gallery.)



"ANGLERS AT THE ALEHOUSE," ONE OF THE LIVELY INTERIOR SCENES WHICH IBBETSON PAINTED THROUGHOUT HIS CAREER. (Oil on panel; 6½ by 10½ ins.) (Lent by Sir Geoffrey Hutchinson.)

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IT is unfair to demand that a novelist should always do the same thing; and if he does, we usually end up by complaining of it. Yet it can be very baffling when he decides to do something different. In fact, I just don't know what one would think of "The Sandcastle," by Iris Murdoch (Chatto and Windus; 15s.), if it were a first novel. Very likely, without those two coruscatingly original fantasies in the background, it would be more impressive. But would it be any more convincing? Would it (which is the main point) come into focus?

Here Miss Murdoch eschews fantasy altogether, at least in the framework of her story. She has apparently set herself to write an "ordinary novel," about solid people firmly planted in the workaday world. Indeed, her plot is so ordinary as to encroach on the banal, the threadbare—almost the novelettish. A middle-aged schoolmaster, with two adolescent children and a serenely bossy wife dedicated to thwarting him for his good, falls desperately in love with a young, very small girl, a brilliant painter, a "little clown." . . . Rain has been commissioned to paint the retired headmaster. She loves Mor back. They are both earnest and full of scruples. However, after long, torturing debate they decide to elope. But at the eleventh hour it proves to be only a dream, a "sandcastle" running away between their fingers.

This theme is decorated with some dabbings in black magic by the child Felicity; and with the mysterious figure of a "gipsy woodcutter," who appears when something fateful is going to happen and strolls away at the end. Otherwise, the *mise en scène* is ardently realistic. And I mean ardently. It is as though the circumstances could not be laboured enough. The layout of the school buildings and grounds—the car scene, with Mor and Rain stuck in the mud—the rescue scene, with Mor's boy stuck up on the tower—all these threaten to be explained interminably. Yet, after all, it is just the prosaic world that won't stand up. Mor, for instance, is a housemaster; but he doesn't live in his House, and seems to confine his activities to a little classwork. His wife has almost no contact with the school. One can't believe in this school. One can't believe in his political aspirations. One can't really believe in his dilemma; for what (as nobody asks) are his wife and children supposed to live on, if he goes off with Rain? Somehow, the whole "ordinary novel" is out of true. And this somehow prevents the real things, the emotional intensity and intelligence, the atmosphere and the undoubtedly vivid moments, from making good.

OTHER FICTION.

"Written on Water," by Vicki Baum (Michael Joseph; 13s. 6d.), is an adroit, picturesque romance, with (by and large) a background of shark-fishing in Mexico. Glenn Hammers was born and brought up for the American Navy, but has kicked over the traces and become a rolling stone. He denies regretting it, but is devoured by the notion of "showing" his family; however, his bright ideas have a way of landing him on the beach. This has happened again in Mazatlán, when "Thumbs," as skipper of the *Orca*, puts in with the American Tracey Cowles and her current (Hungarian) husband Prince Barany. Glenn is now concentrating on sharks, and perhaps falling in love with Vida, the mestiza cabaret girl. But Tracey, a flamboyant and ruthless buccaneer, marks him at sight and buys a much bigger yacht on purpose to lure him off to the Galapagos islands. Her husband goes, too; and, as the climax of a thoroughly grim adventure, does not come back. There is nothing to equal this "discovery" of the Galapagos; and I regretted the prince—a deleterious but, it seemed to me, the most human figure. But there is still plenty of action, rivalry and local colour, with a surprise epilogue after the war.

"Mr. Hurricane," by Louis Golding (Hutchinson; 15s.), is also a picturesque romance, and, furthermore, an escape story. Explicitly, and in every sense. Some time in the 'twenties Jeremy Hurrigan, a shy, middle-aged accountant, is smitten with a lovely, lost girl from Doomington who can't take care of herself. She is given to running wild in her cups, and trying to kill beautiful young men—any beautiful young man—so as to "get her own back." Jeremy adored her at sight; and she agrees to marry him if he will take her away to a South Sea island. No sooner said than done. They buy a copra plantation in Melanesia—and it is all very matey, genial and twopenny-coloured, with a dramatic finale.

"From Russia, With Love," by Ian Fleming (Cape; 13s. 6d.), introduces us into the very heart of Smersh, the Soviet ultra-secret murder-organisation. Some outstanding agent is to be killed. "There is a man," says someone, "called Bond. . . ." And off we go. A beautiful spy is willing to desert with a secret gadget if he collects her at Istanbul. On the Orient express Bond is completely cornered and fully enlightened by the chief executioner of Smersh, an Irish manic-depressive renegade with an urge to slaughter at the full moon. Tough, glossy, competent as ever. But for me it overshoots the mark; it has too much of the horror comic.

CHESS NOTES.

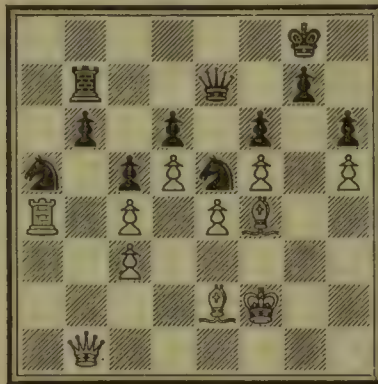
By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

CHESS congresses come by the dozen these days where they used to come by ones and twos. The latest recruits to the congress list are two pleasant places in Ireland where Londonderry at Easter and Skerries at Whitsun are already exhibiting all the familiar signs of becoming hardy annuals.

It is pure accident that this week's play comes from the North; it might just as well have originated at Bournemouth or Bognor or Twickenham or Ilford or Welwyn. . . .

M. J. Haygarth, the young Leeds player who tied third with me in the last British Championship and was being hailed as the coming player of the North, made a shockingly poor start in the Whitsun congress at Scunthorpe when he over-combined in this deceptive position:

M. J. HAYGARTH (Black).



C. CORDEL (White).

41. Kt(K4) × B P

It is doubtful whether the idea that Haygarth might play this move had entered Cordel's head.

41. B × Kt Kt × B

Now Haygarth's idea becomes clear. If 42. R × Kt, then 42. . . . P-QKt4 and White's rook is neatly trapped. So Black has, at worst, gained a pawn and mobilised his QKtP. . . .

But slowly Cordel's consternation changes to suppressed excitement.

42. R-R8ch! K-R2

42. . . . K-B2; 43. Q-KKt1 would have had precisely the same catastrophic outcome.

43. Q-KKt1 Resigns

The threat of 44. Q-Kt6 mate is unanswerable.

For instance 43. . . . Q-B2; 44. Q-Kt6ch, Q × Q; 45. P × Q is still mate.

Nor can Black save himself by 43. . . . P-KKt4, making desperate recourse to that quirk in the laws which enact that, whereas a pawn may capture *en passant*, a queen may not; for the reply 44. RP × P *e.p.* leaves Black only 44. . . . K-Kt2 (the play after 42. . . . K-B2 would have been just the same).

Now White has, after 45. B × RPch, K × B; 46. R-KR8ch, K-Kt2 the choice of winning Black's queen by 47. R-R7ch or (of course tidier and superior) mating by 47. Q-R2, etc.

Sad, because once again chess, most heartless of games, has punished enterprise. To undertake a sacrifice, rather than merely refute it, you need to see not one, but several moves further than your opponent—or be very lucky!

TWO FAMOUS TRIALS AND A BIOGRAPHY OF EARL RUSSELL.

ONE of the most fantastic cases in British legal history—certainly the criminal case which lasted for ten months was the longest—is that of the Tichborne Claimant. The reappearance thirteen years after the death of Roger Tichborne of a vast individual who claimed to be Sir Roger Tichborne (as he would by then have become), and therefore owner of the very considerable Tichborne estates, set Victorian England by the ears. *Punch* had a cartoon showing John Bull with the 24-stone Claimant on his shoulders remarking to a lot of little figures labelled with the names of the burning national problems of the day and remarking: "I can't be expected to pay any attention to you with this 'interesting topic' on my shoulders." Public

opinion was fiercely divided—as well it might be. On the one hand, the Dowager Lady Tichborne recognised the Claimant as her long lost son, as did the family doctor, the family solicitor, Roger's sergeant-major and batmen in the Carabineers, old family servants, and many others in a position to know. Against him were ranged the rest of the Tichborne relatives—including the cousin Roger had hoped to marry—and an equally impressive host of knowledgeable witnesses. Mr. Douglas Woodruff, in "The Tichborne Claimant: A Victorian Mystery" (Hollis and Carter; 30s.), applies his admirable analytical brain and still more admirable pen to telling the story in a way which combines the seriousness of a historian with the liveliness of a writer of detective fiction. When the Claimant was condemned to fourteen years' penal servitude by the Lord Chief Justice and his colleagues, it was under the name of Arthur Orton, lately a butcher in the settlement of Wagga-Wagga in the Australian colonies. But while the Claimant was almost certainly not Sir Roger Tichborne was he, in fact, Orton? This is one of the many mysteries over which Mr. Woodruff, having posed the question, is unable to give a positive answer. How did the Claimant, writing totally illiterate letters—though in a handwriting to my inexperienced eye very like that of the vanished Roger—succeed in imposing on Lady Tichborne and so many others? How did he manage to do so in spite of such manifest gaps and inaccuracies in his story? And how, without extensive coaching, which does not seem to have been possible to him, did he, on the other hand, display such an incredible knowledge of the life and doings of the man he was impersonating? The passionate partisanship of the crowds—indeed mobs—which supported him, jostled and spat at the judges, and alarmed the Government was, as Mr. Woodruff points out, quite understandable. They wanted to believe. They were the newly enfranchised democracy that thought it detected injustice being done to one whose speech and manners resembled their own. In the £92,000 which the Trustees of the Tichborne Estate had to pour out in costs in the one trial and the huge sums spent by the Crown in the other, they saw the power of wealth and the mighty being used to deny justice to a bankrupt. But, above all, it was a Victorian melodrama, such as had been played a hundred times on the boards, come to real and exciting life. Mr. Woodruff revives the excitement, evokes an echo of the passions and raises the questions which so absorbed our grandfathers. He believes that Mr. Edgar Lustgarten has aptly summed up the case of the Tichborne Claimant, "whose story, incredible if it was true, was yet more incredible if it were false," and writes: "In finishing my book, I have sometimes thought how Gibbon noted, at the end of a more ambitious historical enquiry into a rather larger subject, that he felt a certain sorrow in taking leave of an old and familiar companion. I would feel that about the Claimant, if I thought I were really bidding him good-bye; but I am not without the expectation that I shall hear more." And if Mr. Woodruff does come on more evidence, I, for one, after reading this fascinating book, shall be eager to hear it.

Another fantastic case which greatly excited the Victorians was that of William Palmer, "the Staffordshire poisoner." Mr. Robert Graves, in "They Hanged My Saintly Billy" (Cassell; 21s.), resurrects this extraordinary character. Palmer was by no means saintly, being lecherous, drunken and extremely shady in his dealings with the Turf, which so absorbed him after he gave up practising as a surgeon. He encouraged his brother to drink himself to death, having taken out an enormous insurance on his life. I have little doubt, however, after reading Mr. Graves's admirable reconstruction (in the style of the period), that so far from murdering fourteen people by poison, Palmer was innocent of these crimes. Victorian justice, as revealed by these two books, seems to have been a shaky affair, and, as in the case of the Tichborne Claimant, the Lord Chief Justice was shockingly partial to the prosecution.

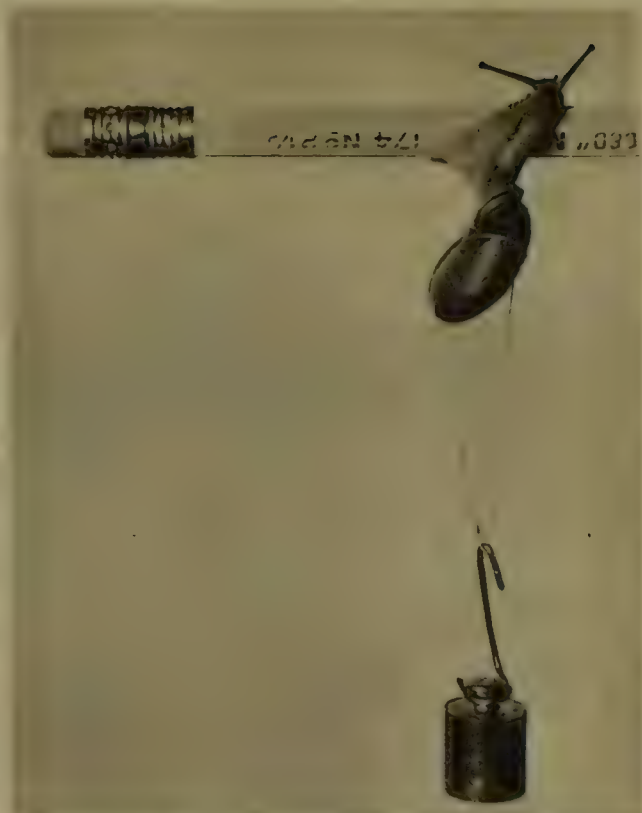
Mr. Alan Wood has now produced an admirable biography of Earl Russell called "Bertrand Russell: The Passionate Sceptic" (Allen and Unwin; 21s.). The title is a little misleading, because Lord Russell, so far from being a sceptic, clings to his materialism with all the *sancta simplicitas* which characterised Victorian "blind unbelief." A great Victorian, a delightful old gentleman, and an excellent book.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

THE STRONG MEN OF THE ANIMAL WORLD: FEATS OF STRENGTH BY ANTS, BEETLES AND SNAILS.



A FEAT EQUIVALENT TO A MAN PULLING A 6½-TON TRAILER: A BETSY-BUG OR HORNED PASSALUS BEETLE PULLING NINETY TIMES ITS OWN WEIGHT IN A TOY TRAILER.



A FANTASTIC FEAT OF STRENGTH AND SUCTION POWER: A 1.48 GRAM SNAIL MOVING UPSIDE DOWN ALONG A SMOOTH SURFACE CAN HOLD UP A WEIGHT OF 11 GRAMS.

THE fantastic leaps of the grass-hopper and the trained achievements of the "flea circus" are well known, not to say notorious; and we reproduce here (by courtesy of *Natural History*) a number of photographs by Dr. Ross E. Hutchins, entomologist of the State College, Mississippi, which illustrate the fantastic strength of some insects and molluscs, and of an apparatus designed for the accurate measurement of such strength. As the figures quoted under the separate examples show, these creatures, proportionately to their size, are far stronger than men or, for that matter, horses. A horse can lift about half its own weight; an Olympic weight-lifter can lift some 881½ lb., whereas the harvester ant shown was lifting, proportionately to size, ten times as much. A flea's 13-in. jump is the equivalent of a man's long jump of 700 ft. It is tempting to visualise such exploits if indeed fleas were as big as humans; but it would be fallacious, as in an increase of size, volume increases at a higher ratio than surface; and it seems probable that if insects were indeed as large as men they would be no stronger.



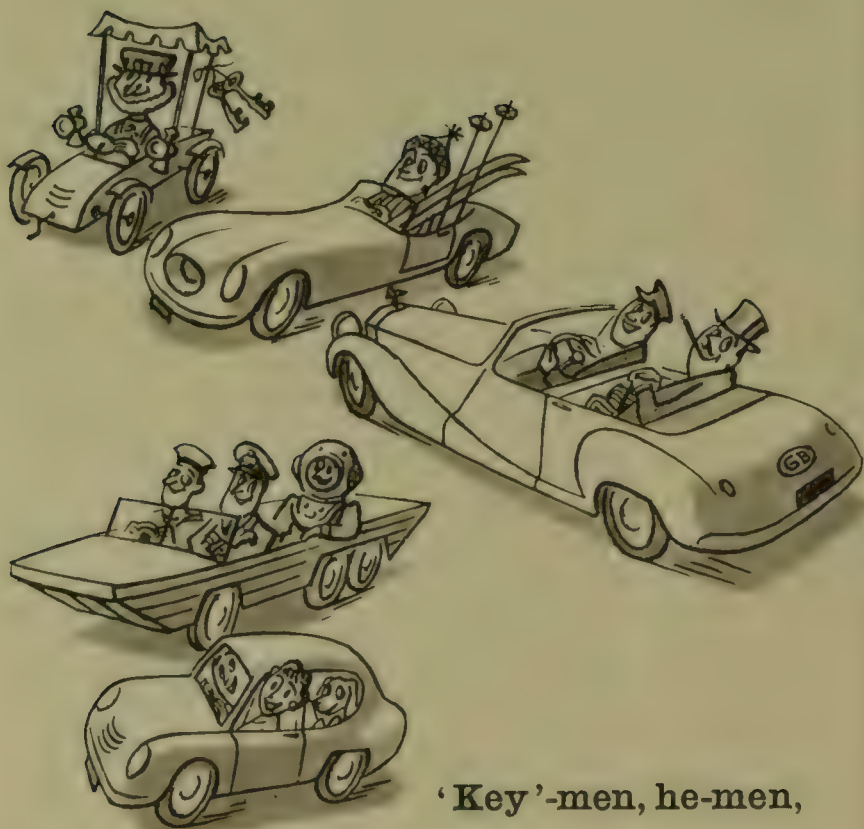
MEASURING THE COMPARATIVE STRENGTH OF INSECTS ON A MINIATURE DYNAMOMETER. IT WAS FOUND THAT SMALLER INSECTS WERE RELATIVELY MUCH STRONGER THAN THIS GIANT RHINOCEROS BEETLE.



THE STRENGTH, PERSISTENCE AND SKILL OF ANTS ARE WELL KNOWN. HERE A HARVESTER ANT IS LIFTING A STONE 52 TIMES ITS OWN WEIGHT.



"HERCULES AND ANTÆUS": TWO MALE STAG-BEETLES IN COMBAT IN AN IMPRESSIVE POSE SAID TO BE NOT UNCOMMON DURING THE BREEDING SEASON.



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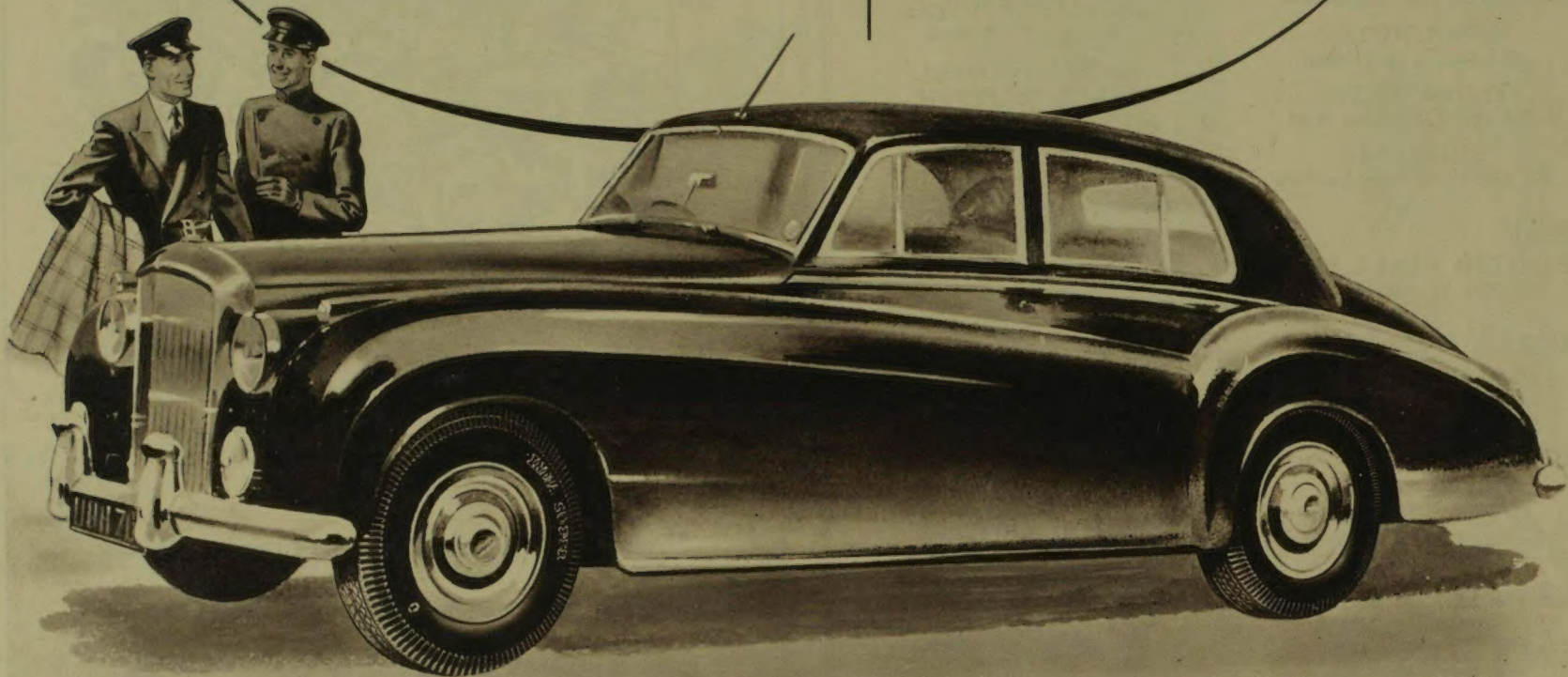
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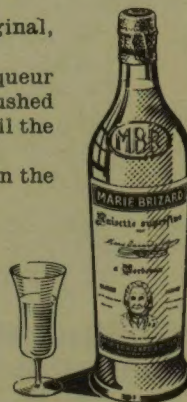
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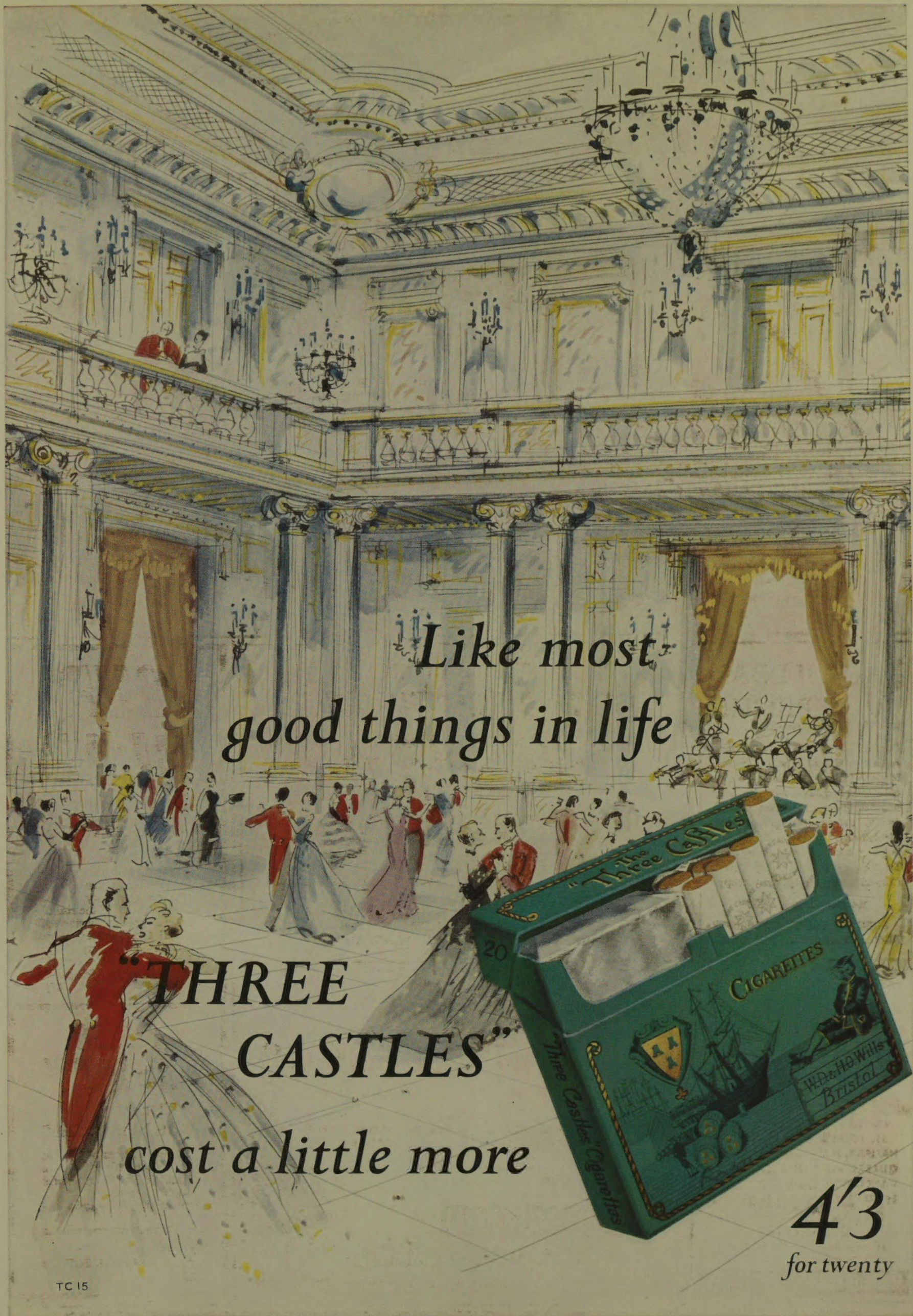
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